

The



# TATLER

& BYSTANDER

MAY 15, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS



MISS MARINA AND  
MISS TESSA KENNEDY



**CHURCHMAN'S**

**20**

*Special* **No 1** *Special*

**CIGARETTES**

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN.  
IPSWICH.

**Winner takes all...**

Two races . . . two winners! Now for the extra pleasure and satisfaction of a really *good* cigarette.

**Churchman's No.1**

THE LARGER CIGARETTE

Accessories by Asprey's

C54A



*The intimate Spirit of Switzerland expressed in Lovely Clothes*



*Swyzerli*  
(REGD)



The symbol of the finest  
*knitwear*  
from Switzerland

Swyzerli... knitwear that transcends mere quality, designed with artistry and skill unparalleled and made with infinite care, so essentially and charmingly a part of Swiss tradition.

From selected stores throughout Great Britain

Trade enquiries to the Home of Swiss Couture, BUSER & CO. LTD.  
Grafton House, 12 Grafton Street, London, W.1. Telephone: MAYfair 5977



**Bagatelle**

Reed slim, fine knit, elegant and restrained. Set off by white pique piping.

19½ Gns. approx.

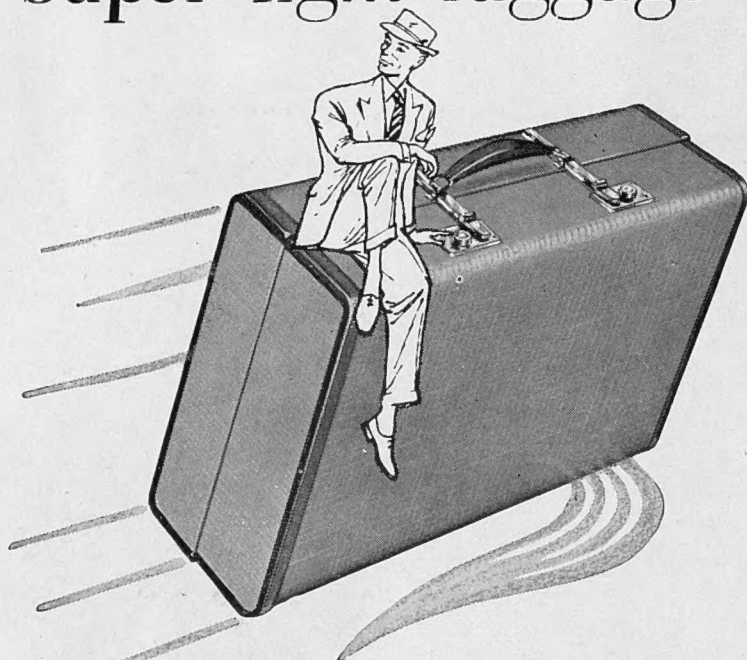
**Berillo (left)**

Suit with fabulous Arc-en-Ciel pleating in two tones to give a fascinating sheen in movement. The second shade is echoed on the collar and cuffs of the jacket.

24½ Gns. approx.



# New! Revelation super-light luggage



Enjoy your holiday at both ends this year. Getting there and getting back is easier with the new Revelation super-light luggage.

Supremely handsome, light and very strong, Revelation super-light luggage is made in Vynide, Wine-Stripe Fabric and Revelide. Shown here are:

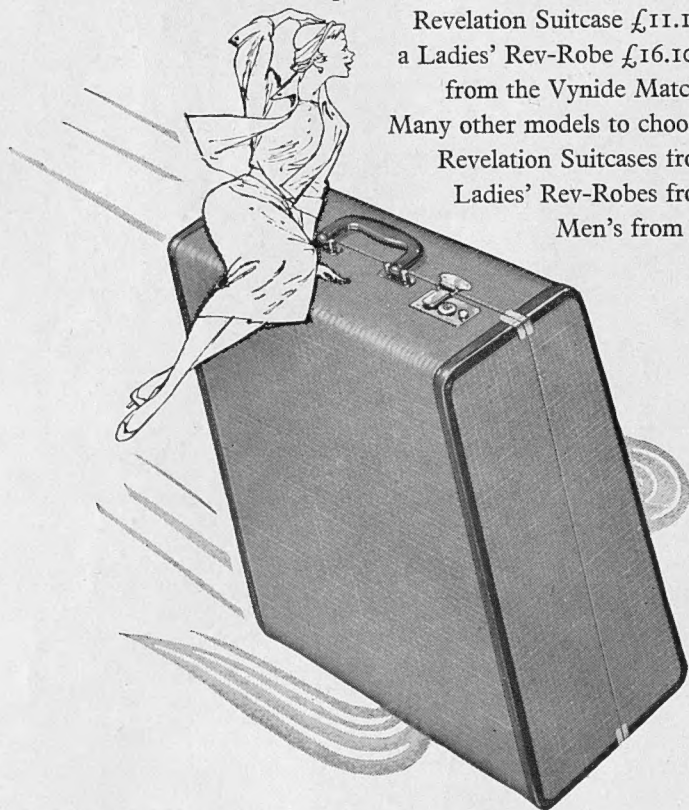
Revelation Suitcase £11.10.0, and a Ladies' Rev-Robe £16.10.0, both from the Vynide Matched Set.

Many other models to choose from:

Revelation Suitcases from 69/6,

Ladies' Rev-Robes from 89/6,

Men's from £8.19.6.



## REVELATION

lightens travel



AT STORES AND LUGGAGE SHOPS IN YOUR TOWN

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, W.1



Model Hats, First Floor

*Sure of your step*



in a shoe with a purpose—to take that headache out of your feet. To keep your arch in its place, yet let the foot flex naturally. To hold firmly from heel to instep yet let the toes relax. 'Minuet', a bracing tonic in black suede and lace nylon, with leather soles for cool and free-breathing comfort. Price 5 gns.

*with uplift ease and contour fit*

### Church's archmoulded shoes

Fitted by ROSS HELENSBURGH, James Allan's EDINBURGH, GLASGOW and ABERDEEN, Morrison's Ayr, Ferguson's STIRLING, Atherton's SOLIHULL, Day's BIRMINGHAM, Railton's LEAMINGTON, Melville's CHELTENHAM, A. Jones & Sons 143 BROMPTON ROAD LONDON S.W.3 and branches, and at other leading shops. For nearest address write Church & Co Ltd Duke Street Northampton. A selection of most styles is held at Church's English Shoes (Babers Ltd) 299 OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1.



# CANADA MINK



What could be more chic than **MAJESTIC\*** natural dark ranch mink worked into a stole? Proud product of Canada Mink Breeders, this exquisite mink is the ultimate in fur perfection, whether fashioned into a stole or greatcoat. Its luxurious suppleness and deep brilliance are the supreme complement to your ensemble. BUY MAJESTIC\* CANADA MINK. Virginia Thoren \*Canada Mink Breeders





Fine Lambswool by **Ballantyne**  
OF PEEBLES SCOTLAND

**LEFT:** WADE—a fine lambswool cardigan with high button fastening and three-quarter sleeves. Colours: Duck Egg, Lemon, Blossom Pink, White, Champagne, Coral, Pale Blue, Platinum & Navy.

Sizes 34"-40" Price £4.9.6d.

**RIGHT:** LANGLEE—a golfer in fine lambswool with attractive collar and tie ends. Colours as for WADE.

Sizes 34"-40" Price £5.9.6d.

**Coplands**

Available at: COPLAND & LYE LTD · SAUCHIEHALL STREET · GLASGOW C2



## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 15 to May 22



MISS MARINA AND MISS TESSA KENNEDY, the twin daughters of Mrs. Neil McLean, of Nairns House, Inverness-shire, and of Mr. Geoffrey Kennedy, were presented this year by their aunt, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic; their grandmother is Mme. Milica Banac. Marina is the goddaughter of the Duchess of Kent and Tessa of the late Duke of Kent. Their coming out dance will take place at the Dorchester tomorrow night, May 16. Cover photograph by Yevonde

**May 15 (Wed.) Cricket:** Cambridge University v. West Indies (to 17th), at Cambridge.

**Dances:** The Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker for Miss Margaret Pitman and Mr. David Pitman, and Miss Margaret Ann Walker and Mr. David Walker, at the Hyde Park Hotel; British Asthma Association Spring Ball at the Dorchester.

Flat racing at Newmarket, Bath and Ripon.

**May 16 (Thu.) Artists of Chelsea Exhibition** (to June 1 provisionally), Chenil Gallery, Chelsea.

**Dances:** Mrs. Neil McLean for her twin daughters, Miss Marina and Miss Tessa Kennedy at the Dorchester; Ski Club of Great Britain Annual Dinner Dance at Grosvenor House.

Flat racing at Newmarket and Bath.

**May 17 (Fri.) Royal Ocean Racing Club Race,** Southsea/Lyme Bay/Cherbourg.

**Dances:** Mrs. Trevor Hart Dyke and Mrs. Richard Kindersley (cocktail dance) for Miss Jennifer Hart Dyke and Miss Gloria Kindersley at 8 Lennox Gardens; Lady Jane Nelson and Mrs. Raoul Millais for Miss Jennifer Nelson and Miss Karol Prior-Palmer, at Cornwell Manor, Kingham, Oxfordshire; the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston and the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat Amory for Miss Elisabeth Grimston and Miss Evelyn Heathcoat Amory, at Gorbambury, St. Albans; Norwegian National Day Dinner Dance at Hurlingham Club.

Flat racing at Hurst Park and Haydock Park; steeplechasing at Newton Abbot.

**May 18 (Sat.) The Queen and Prince Philip** will visit Hull before embarking in the Britannia for their visit to Denmark.

**Cricket:** M.C.C. v. West Indies (and 20th and 21st), at Lord's.

**Motor sport:** Ulster Trophy Race, Dundrod Circuit, Co. Antrim.

Flat racing at Hurst Park, Haydock Park, Chepstow and Ayr; steeplechasing at Newton Abbot, Sedgfield and Uttoxeter.

**May 19 (Sun.) Polo** at Smith's Lawn, Windsor, and Cowdray Park, Sussex.

**May 20 (Mon.) Anglers' Fortnight** (to June 1st), Pitlochry, Perthshire.

Open Lawn Tennis Tournament (to 25th), Swanage, Dorset.

May Fair (to 25th), Shepherd Market, London.

Cocktail party: Viscount Ingleby for the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, at the House of Lords.

Dance: The Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.

Flat racing at Ayr and Birmingham.

**May 21 (Tue.) The Queen and Prince Philip** arrive at Copenhagen for their state visit to Denmark.

Chelsea Flower Show (to 24th; Private View 21st), Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea.

Exhibition: "The Compleat Imbiber," The Cafe Royal.

**Dances:** The Hon. Mrs. Michael Portman for Miss Suna Portman at 6 Belgrave Square; British-Italian Society Ball at the Savoy.

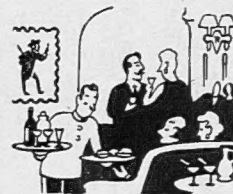
Flat racing at Alexandra Park and York.

**May 22 (Wed.) Cricket:** Yorkshire v. West Indies (to 24th), at Sheffield.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Show (to 25th), Balmoral, Belfast.

**Dances:** The Hon. Mrs. Senior for Miss Deirdre Senior at Claridge's; Navy League Dinner Dance at the Dorchester.

Flat racing at York and Salisbury.



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 1s. Foreign 2s. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

Where  
Time  
is  
a  
tradition



Watch design and construction have changed much throughout the long history of Benson's. Yet one factor has remained—an insistence upon reliability and fine craftsmanship, which has made ownership of a Benson watch a tradition in many families. The very latest in watch design can be seen in Benson's showrooms, or an illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.

The wrist watch illustrated is the famous Benson "Solar" watertight model with unusually slim case.

9-ct. gold . . . . . £37 10 0

Stainless steel . . . . £19 19 0

**J. W. BENSON LTD.**



25 OLD BOND STREET  
LONDON W1

ESTABLISHED 1847



## For Town and Country Beauty

a foundation to give and guard that cream-smooth complexion

Time off for sport, time off for relaxation . . . but *not* time off from beauty! The answer? . . . Helena Rubinstein's TOWN & COUNTRY Foundation, a soft creamy liquid, specially formulated to give a *natural* look. TOWN & COUNTRY Foundation keeps your skin smooth and supple. It 'covers' beautifully, holds powder tenaciously through long active days—in the town or deep in the country . . . never cakes or smears or streaks.

**Town & Country Foundation**

NATURAL, PEACH BLOOM OR PINK CHAMPAGNE, 9/6.

**Helena Rubinstein** 3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 · PARIS · NEW YORK





*By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen  
Linen Drapers, Debenham & Freebody*

the  
Debenham  
touch . . .

IN SUPERLATIVE MINK

A truly lovely stole of Emba Cerulean  
mink . . . it is exquisite . . . it is  
so utterly desirable. Simple in cut,  
beautifully worked, it can only be  
made by Debenham's craftsmen  
for it has a supreme air of elegance.

Debenhams

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

Wigmore St London W1: LAngham 4444





Houston Rogers

## Virginia's Apple-blossom Queen

MISS ANNE DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, eldest daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, has been on holiday in America with her mother, during which she was crowned "Queen Shenandoah" at the Apple-blossom

Festival in Virginia. Miss Tichborne, who was presented in 1955, has two sisters. Her father, who is the fourteenth baronet, married Miss Antonia Snagge in 1936. Lady Doughty-Tichborne is the sister of Viscountess Harcourt





*Sarah Hacking adjusting the bit of her pony, Wee Willie Winkie*



*Patricia Carey and Susan Thorne-Thorne watching an event*

## PONY CLUB TRIALS

THE ERIDGE HUNT Pony Club hunter trials, held at Wadhurst, Sussex, drew over 130 competitors and many spectators. Above: Lady Vivienne Nevill on Merrylegs, winners of the Senior Pony Club class, clearing a jump



*Caroline Colley with Peggy, Petrina Murray and Topper*



*Miss Caroline Neele with Miss Ruth Roberts*



*Miss Patricia Roberts and Miss Marion Jones clear a fence together*

*Desmond O'Neill*



# HORSE SENSE

THIRTY YOUNG RIDERS learnt horsemanship in their holidays at Catherston Manor, Dorset, home of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. F. S. Bullen. Right, a group await their turn for the jumping



Jane Bullen, a successful show jumper, with her spaniel, Tim



Peta Binding was expertly grooming her pony Ronny

Peta Binding and Jane Bullen with Pinkie

Mrs. Bullen and Miss Jenny Bullen watch the riders



Victor Yorke

Angela Coffee gives Stavordale an early morning brush



Janet Green, Angela Binding and Louise Henderson exchange pony-talk



## Social Journal

# PRIVATE VIEW

*Jennifer*

THE London Season officially started with the opening of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House. As always there are the outstanding paintings, also the controversial ones, around which visitors cluster. On the morning of the Private View there was always a big crowd around Pietro Annigoni's painting of Prince Philip, another gathering—some of them making rather caustic remarks—before Mr. Ruskin Spear's picture of Sir Winston Churchill, and another group, mostly voicing admiration, by Mr. Simon Elwes's portrait of the Duke of Gloucester. Besides several other portraits this artist has a delightful conversation piece of the Wake Family in Gallery V.

Also present were the admirers of that great and prolific artist Sir Alfred Munnings, who has the maximum six pictures hanging, of Sir Gerald Kelly, whose six portraits include excellent ones of the Princess Royal and Earl Jowitt, and of Mr. James Gunn, among whose six fine pictures are a splendid portrait of that charming Canadian Mr. John A. McDougald, a striking likeness of Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, and a delightful full-length portrait of the Hon. Lady Lowson wearing a velvet tea gown in the most heavenly shade of pink.

Mr. Frank Cundell, whose wife is also exhibiting, has some very nice pictures hanging, and there was much praise for his "Henley Royal Regatta." Other pictures I noticed during the hour I was there on this very crowded morning included Mr. Edward le Bas's painting of his niece Miss Jennifer Brocas Burrows, Signor Pietro Annigoni's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. William Watson-Armstrong, and Mr. John Merton's small picture of Mrs. Christopher Morton, Dame Laura Knight's painting of ballerinas, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavages three little daughters by Mr. A. K. Lawrence, Mr. Gerald Cooper's exquisite flower pictures and several enchanting Russell Flints.

Among those going round the galleries were Countess Howe and her daughter Miss Susan Shafto, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Plendergh, Mrs. Hugh Leggat with the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, and Mrs. Jessica de Pass in a very chic black dress and sage green hat, with the Hon. Mrs. Bostock Hill who wore a very gay polka dot black and white silk beret with her black dress. They were admiring Lady Scott's clever miniature of a young woman (Lady Scott paints under the name of May B. Lee). I met Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Lady Reid Dick who had just seen the portrait of one of her granddaughters, Lady Methuen whose husband Lord Methuen is exhibiting six pictures, Miss Lena Ramsden, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie whose husband Sir Alex Ingleby-Mackenzie is happily recovering from his recent operation, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston and her sister Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, both just back from trips abroad in different directions, Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Angela Huth who is now working at an art school, Mr. Maurice Codner who has a fine portrait of Dr. Arthur Bousfield in Gallery XI, Lady Munnings and Lady Kelly, whose husbands are both former Presidents of the Royal Academy.

★ ★ ★

MRS. WARWICK DAW and Mrs. Arthur Marshall gave a most enjoyable coming-out dance for their daughters, Miss Jennifer Daw and Miss Judy Marshall, at the Hyde Park Hotel. The flowers in the ballroom, supper room and buffet, which had all been arranged by Mrs. Hindley-Smith, were quite beautiful, but perhaps the most outstandingly lovely vase was the tall one of deep red rhododendrons, tulips and roses which, cleverly lit, stood in the alcove behind the two hostesses receiving the guests with their daughters. Jennifer looked charming in a lovely crinoline of sky blue net appliquéd in white lace, while Judy wore white brocaded satin.

This was one of those dances which was gay and fun from the start. The ballroom was full of young people dancing right through until the early hours of the morning, with the exception of a short break just after midnight for a cabaret turn by that renowned coloured pianist Winifred Atwell, who played quite brilliantly. She received the most tremendous ovation and was charming about playing the tunes the young guests asked for, and giving several encores.

Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Daw and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall both had dinner parties before the dance, as did Major John and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Joe Goodhart, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner, Mr. and Mrs. David Lycett-Green, and several others. To mention a few of the young people I saw enjoying



Betty Swaabe

MISS DEIRDRE SENIOR is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, and she is the granddaughter of Lord Joicey. Miss Senior has studied art, recently returning from Florence, and is now taking a dressmaking course. She was presented by her mother at Buckingham Palace last month





JEMIMA DUNNE is the sixteen-month-old daughter of Lord and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Dunne and grandchild of Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd; this delightful sensitive photograph of Jemima was taken by her father

As very good dance were Miss Sue Coles, Miss Tessa Milne, who is not only attractive to look at but also has charming manners, Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Miss Sarah Bowater in a pink and black dress, Miss Lorna Lyle, lovely in a soft red dress, Miss Philippa du Boulay, Miss Anne Brotherton, Miss Gillian Clarke, Miss Julia Williamson looking very pretty in dark blue tulle, Lady Daphne Cadogan with her hair very neatly dressed, and Miss Suna Portman.

Other guests at the dance included Miss Susan Douglas looking very attractive in red tulle, who danced the first dance with Sir Eric Mieville, Miss Virginia Makins, Mr. John Ropner and his sister Marle, Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Daphne Philipps, Miss Sarah Oldfield wearing in a blue and white flowered dress, Mr. Tim Thornton, Miss Susan Wills dancing with Mr. David Morgan-Jones, Lord Gisborough, Miss Diana Goodhart and her brother Mr. Joe Goodhart, Mr. Colin Leby-Mackenzie, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Mr. Nicholas Moseley, Mr. Andrew Wills, Mr. Euan Bowater, Miss Felicity-Ann Hall, Mr. Mark Palmer, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Amber Leie and her brother Mr. Alastair Leslie, Mr. John Adams, Miss Jennifer-Jane Parkinson in blue, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, and Mr. Philip de Laszlo.

★ ★ ★

ON the following evening several of the parents and most of the young people I have already mentioned attended the Rose Ball. This was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the forty-sixth Alexandra Day, which this year takes place on June 25, when it is hoped to collect £60,000 in Greater London. Since Alexandra Day was inaugurated in 1912, many millions of pounds have been collected and distributed to organizations caring for the aged, children, cripples and the infirm. Last year the ball made the magnificent sum of £2,781 clear profit and it is hoped that this year's result may be even better and perhaps touch £3,000!

There were over a thousand guests who were received by the Chairman of the Ball, Countess Cadogan, wearing her magnificent diamond tiara with a pastel evening dress, and the deputy chairman Lady Norton, with the capable and very successful organizer and secretary of Alexandra Day, Mrs. Leslie Morshead, who keeps the overhead expenses to the minimum. Lady Norton, who looked very attractive in a geranium red faille dress, has been deputy chairman since the ball was resuscitated four years ago, and has done much to help it become the great annual event it now is: one at which, like the Queen Charlotte's Ball, most of the season's débutantes are present. Both Lady Cadogan

and Sir Charles and Lady Norton had big parties, as did Lady Osborn who was chairman last year.

Among others who brought parties were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser, Mrs. Raymond Clifford-Turner, Sir Harold and Lady Hood, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grindley, who had a party of fourteen, and Sir William and Lady Arbuthnot Lane.

The Hon. Diana Herbert, whom I saw looking pretty in palest blue, was the very successful chairman of the junior committee who included Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Susan Arbuthnot Lane, Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, who looked attractive in a pale pink crinoline, and had a big party of young friends with her, Miss Karol Prior-Palmer, and Miss Camilla Roberts who was vice-chairman.

Among others enjoying the ball were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Major James and the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Col. and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Sir Graham Rowlandson, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie and her débutante daughter Miss Camilla Bellville.

★ ★ ★

MEMBERS of both Houses of Parliament, and of the Diplomatic Corps, and personalities from many spheres of life came to the delightful reception given by the Iraqi Ambassador and H.R.H. Princess Zeid-El-Hussein on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of His Majesty King Faisal II. The fine suite of reception rooms in this magnificent Embassy, so attractively furnished and arranged by the Princess, who is most artistic, were crammed with guests when I arrived. Chairs and small tables were arranged on the lawn at one end of the house, but alas a strong wind was blowing and it was not warm enough for guests to sit out.

The Ambassador and his very charming wife stood receiving the guests for nearly two hours and I noticed they had a personal word of welcome for everyone, which is a tremendous achievement on such an occasion.

So many interesting and intelligent friends were present that it was a most exhilarating party. Among members of the Diplomatic Corps,

[Continued overleaf]



A. V. Swaebe

MISS SALLY GLUCKSTEIN was presented at Court on April 3 this year. Her mother is giving a coming-out dance for her at the Trocadero Restaurant on June 25



the first I met was the popular Austrian Ambassador Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, who had recently been to Istanbul where unfortunately he arrived during an unusually cold spell. The Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, already changed into evening dress for another engagement, were having a long talk to Mr. Patrick Stirling, who has been Mayor of Westminster for the past two years, and his very attractive wife. I met the very charming and intelligent Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro Pereira, who was talking to the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir. Lord Hailsham was accompanied by his wife, but Sir Hartley Shawcross who was deep in conversation with two men friends had come on his own. Lady Shawcross is making a good recovery from her recent illness but is not yet quite fit enough for parties. Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, was accompanied by Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter who was, she told me, enjoying her first party for several weeks, as she had been busy with her young family during the Easter holidays. Her two daughters had just returned to school. I also met General Shanker, a former Nepalese Ambassador here, and his lovely wife who wore a blue and white patterned sari, Mr. and Mrs. Palmers of the Nicaraguan Embassy, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian and Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter.

★ ★ ★

THE Countess of Lindsey and Abingdon is President of the Music Therapy for Hospital Patients organization, and Viscountess Monckton of Brench'ey is the chairman. The use of music as a therapeutic agent in hospitals is only in its infancy here, though the work has been in practice in hospitals throughout the United States, where it is highly esteemed; for several years. The organization in this country provides professional musicians as teachers or therapists to encourage and instruct the sick to make music, which it has been proved can be a valuable therapeutic adjunct to medical treatment. Music therapy can operate in any type of long-stay hospital—mental hospitals, homes for incurables, tubercular and paraplegic hospitals.

To raise funds for this organization Lady Abingdon and Lady Monckton have enlisted the help of the Countess of Bessborough to put on a children's fashion show at the Dorchester on May 27 at 3 p.m. Many well-known shops, including the White House and Marks and Spencers, are producing the clothes, which will be shown by the little sons and daughters of many well-known personalities. Tommy Trinder has kindly promised to compère the show.

For those watching this very original show, tables will be arranged around the ballroom, at which tea will be served. Tickets for the fashion show (which will interest children as well as grown ups) can be obtained from the Countess of Bessborough, 6 Hyde Park Crescent, W.2.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful dinner party at Claridge's given by the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage to celebrate her husband's seventieth birthday. As this popular couple have such a wide circle of acquaintances, guests invited were only relatives and very close friends. Mrs. Gamage, who looked charming in a pearl embroidered mushroom pink satin crinoline, had very carefully arranged the party to be as nearly as possible a complete replica of the one she gave for her husband's fiftieth birthday at this hotel.

Sir Frederick Handley Page, a lifelong friend, proposed the health of Mr. Gamage, which H.E. Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner, seconded. The very happy evening ended with an excellent cabaret and dancing.

★ ★ ★

MISS VICTORIA DE RUTZEN, only daughter of the late Baron de Rutzen and the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, made a lovely picture as a bride as she walked up the aisle of St. Martin-in-the-Fields with her stepfather, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, for her marriage to Mr. Francis Dashwood, elder son of Sir John Dashwood, the premier baronet of Great Britain, and Lady Dashwood. Her white satin dress had a skirt cut in one with the train of finely ruched handkerchief linen, designed by Sybil Connolly, and her tulle veil was held in place by a narrow bandeau of white satin on which a large diamond star had been pinned.

She was attended by a retinue of children, her half-sister, Beatrice Plunkett, and six pages, James Bruce, nephew of the bridegroom, Alfred Cochrane, Viscount Slane, Rupert Legge, Rupert Ponsonby and Francis Farquhar. Mr. John Dashwood was best man to his brother.

After the ceremony the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, the latter looking most attractive in a dress of blue silk and a tiny pink hat, and Sir John and Lady Dashwood received the guests at a reception at the Vintners' Hall. Lady Dashwood was wearing a black and white patterned silk dress and a large emerald green straw hat. This City hall

with its fine banqueting hall and antique furnishings and pictures of great interest, with the magnificent silver and gilt plate so well displayed and beautifully lit, makes a lovely setting for such an occasion. Here I saw the bridegroom's only sister, the Hon. Mrs. Morys Bruce, and her husband and his father Lord Aberdare.

As the bride has spent much of her life with her stepfather and mother in their lovely Irish home, Dunsany Castle in County Meath, it was not surprising to find several friends from Ireland at the wedding, among them the Earl and Countess of Mount Charles, whose young son and heir Viscount Slane was one of the pages, and Sir Alfred Beit and his attractive wife who looked charming in grey. They own magnificent Russborough in County Wicklow which makes a wonderful background for Sir Alfred's fine collection of pictures, tapestries and other works of art.

Also from Ireland were the Marquess of Waterford and his fiancée, Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, Sir Charles and Lady Birkin, and Miss Sarah Walford, who had come over the previous day with her mother, Mrs. "Frizz" Fowler, and was a bride herself at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, three days later.

OTHERS wishing the young couple happiness were Viscountess Kemsley, looking as usual very chic with a loose pale pink silk coat over her dress, and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt, very attractive in a white dress with large black polka dots and looking very well after her visit with her husband to America and Canada. Lady Kemsley's lovely niece, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, was there also, and I met Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid with her two charming teenage daughters, Sarah and Rosemary, and her sister, Mrs. Toby Waddington, Lord and Lady Dunboyne talking to Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, who were just off to their home in Sicily, though they will be back in London the second week in June, Viscount Curzon and his attractive wife, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, Viscount and Viscountess Dynevor, Mr. Peter Tunnard recently back from a tour in America and Canada, talking to Viscountess Jellicoe, who looked poised and cool in a light blue linen suit, the Hon. Mrs. Toby Martyn, who wore a pink suit, Mr. Peter and the Hon. Mrs. Zulueta, the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry, and his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, looking very bronzed and well after a visit to Venezuela with her husband.

*The Duchess of Argyll standing before "The Old Gravel Pit" by Sir Alfred Munnings*



Baroness Ravensdale and Mr.  
Cecil Gould



Mrs. Renee Fullforth and  
Mr. V. J. Fullforth



ALSO there were Mrs. Derek Schreiber and her mother, the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Balfour and his cousin, Mr. Michael Oppenheimer, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Miss Rosemary Norrie with Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Major Robert and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and their daughter Shelagh, Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, the latter looking most attractive in grey, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland and his lovely wife, who wore a large white straw hat with her fawn suit, Mrs. Gerald Legge in duck egg blue with her elder son William, Lady Audrey Morris, Miss Sylvia Duggan, Viscount Cilcennin, Mr. Charles Harding, Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Partridge, Mr. David Gibbs, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and Sir Edward Boyle, who with great aplomb sang the verses of the Vintners' Song, which an ancestor of the bridegroom had composed in 1702 for the Vintners' Company, and which I heard is always sung at their dinners. Sir Edward asked guests to join in the chorus with the words "Come, come, let us drink the Vintners' good health; 'Tis the cask, not the coffer, that holds the true wealth."

★ ★ ★

A GREAT personality of the tennis world, Mr. Ted Johnson, who has been the professional at the Moreton Morrell Tennis Court in Warwickshire for more than fifty years, will have his eightieth birthday this year. Many readers all over the world who have known Ted Johnson, and possibly played at Moreton Morrell, will no doubt wish to subscribe to the fund that is being opened on his behalf. On Sunday, June 2, there is to be an exhibition match at the Court, the proceeds of which will go to the fund. On the previous Friday, May 31, Major James Dance, M.P., is kindly lending his house in Moreton Morrell for a dance in connection with the tennis court. Tickets for the dance, which is sure to be a very gay and enjoyable affair, from Mrs. Geoffrey Footes, Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke, Warwickshire.

★ ★ ★

THE Marchioness of Downshire is chairman of a ball in aid of the British Cancer Campaign, to be held at the May Fair Hotel on May 29. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Cyril Salmon, Wilton Street, S.W.1.

Harry Wheatcroft and  
Mrs. Wheatcroft

Mrs. Humphrey Brooke and  
Mr. George E. Campbell



The Duke and Duchess of Bedford study "Anne  
Plaiting Her Hair" by Dorothy King

## THE ACADEMY OPENS

THE SUMMER EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy opened at Burlington House early this month. Many personalities went to the private view, the start of the London Season



Mr. John Ackroyd, Miss Ann Davina Alderton  
and Miss Diana Child



Mrs. Robert Adler with Miss Harriet Cohen  
beside "Horse's Head" by Alwen M. Hughes

Van Hallan





*"The Little Mermaid" (above), symbol of Denmark and Copenhagen in particular, stands for Danish charm and fantasy, while the Town Hall (right) represents its material wealth, grace and spaciousness*



## THE DENMARK THAT THE QUEEN WILL SEE

DENMARK remains a gleam in the mind's eye of all who have ever visited her. She enchants without overwhelming. Her people are lively, friendly, pleasure loving—and at the same time hardworking. To the visitor it appears the ideal state. One's surprise, bearing in mind the usual superficially false impressions that the visitor acquires, is to find that the Danes agree with you wholeheartedly! They like their country and their love is infectious. They will welcome the Queen and Prince Philip for the State visit on May 21-23 with enthusiasm, and the Royal couple will most certainly leave a part of their affection within the country after they have left.

When people say that Copenhagen is Denmark, they speak but half the truth for they ignore the entrancing countryside and the smaller towns that are everywhere. Yet half the truth it is and, it sometimes seems to me, a more delightful portion could not exist. Copenhagen has the compact, handy quality which yields the greatest pleasure to those on holiday, though a longer and more leisurely stay in no way exhausts the amusements of the city. The town has an intimate, agreeable manner, like a good-mannered host, who is content to let his guests please themselves, yet is ready with an acceptable idea if boredom should set in.

It is one of the most accessible cities in Europe. Nowhere seems far from anywhere else. The sailors' section with a boisterous night life of the rougher kind of dance hall is cheek to cheek, practically, with the fashionable quarter where the opera is situated. But the first place you will visit is surely the Amalienborg Square. Four superb rococo eighteenth-century palaces, with the loveliest colonnades, face each other, forming what must be the most perfect square in the world. The King of Denmark still resides in the north-east part while Royal visitors live in the south-west wing: Christian VII Palais. Here the Queen will have her apartments. This whole district is elegant to a degree, and a pleasure to linger in.

BUT everywhere charms, and this satisfying quality must be attributed in large part to the fact that this capital is a water city. You are never far from canals, harbours, bays. The Citadellet, for instance, no distance at all from the Amalienborg, is an old fort which has beside it what is for me the perfect little harbour for yachts. (The Citadellet itself is now a pleasantly laid-out public garden.) Indeed, when I think of Copenhagen, it is

the always exciting and moving sight of yachts, ships and marine life in all its forms that comes to mind first. But even as I write this, the Amalienborg thrusts its perfection into the mind, close followed by the seventeenth-century Rosenborg Palace with its unmatched collection of jewels and precious articles (Copenhagen, you will find, has an enchanting collection of museums of just the right size), while the lively Fish Market, and Stroget, the hectic, time-fleeting, shopping district with its narrow packed streets, crowd the recollection. Even now I have forgotten though how could I!—the Tivoli Gardens, unequalled for the blend of popular entertainment with a sophisticated approach. They are in the heart of the city; but must in no way be thought of as Denmark's Battersea Festival Gardens.

HOTELS always seem full in the capital; so book ahead. The food in the restaurants is good; the dishes comprising fish remarkable. Not so easily manageable is the Danish method of consumption: light breakfast, light lunch and a simply enormous dinner. To round this last meal off with a visit to the Tivoli Gardens with its switchbacks, carousels, dance floors, and the like requires the constitution of an all-in wrestler. Myself I would choose the placid enjoyment to be found in the Peacock Theatre where Harlequin is still mimed.

The countryside should be explored, but in a sedate and open-minded way. It is all very accessible, but, as so often happens, those sights most recommended don't give (I personally find) quite the thrill expected. Frederiksborg is one such place: over-restored, it is over-emphasized. Fredensborg, an eighteenth-century château, is more to my taste, and Kronborg where Hamlet is acted is worth a visit. Shakespeare, though, is no Baedeker.

Much of the countryside is quite unspoilt: single storeyed, thatch-roofed farmhouses lie ruminatively in a green and richly pleasant land, a windmill may be turning its sails slowly round nearby and the extraordinarily fit looking children, scampering happily in the flower strewn fields, endow a vitality that the landscape might otherwise lack.

The least tamed part of the country is, I think, Jutland. This long seaboard, with its rather silvery sand, has the restless North Sea for its waters. Here in summer the Danes spend long, idle days, bathing, sun bathing and picknicking.

—Anthony Crask





Miss J. Oakley won the Ladies' Race from Miss G. Lewis in an exciting finish

## A COTSWOLD MEETING

THE NORTH COTSWOLD HUNT point-to-point steeplechases were held at Spring Hill, Broadway. Some exciting racing took place

Mr. Paul Marland, Miss Caroline George and Mr. Jeremy Bennett

Miss Sally-Rose Warner, Mr. G. Stacpoole and Mr. Lane Fox



Mr. G. E. Coles, Hunt Secretary, leads in his wife's horse, Mariner's Inch, ridden to victory by Mr. G. R. P. Coles

Lady Dulverton presenting the Coronation Cup to Mrs. G. E. Coles



P. C. Palmer  
Mr. Freeman Robinson with Miss Jennifer Robinson



Mr. Rupert Moore and his fiancée Miss Angela Turley



Miss Anne Manning, Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis and Miss Georgina Lewis





*The three ships, Godspeed, Discovery and Susan Constant, reproductions of olden sailing ships, head for Jamestown for the Festival opening*

# Jamestown

*J. E. MORPURGO, Director of the National Book League, and a member of the British Goodwill Mission to the Jamestown Festival, studied at William and Mary College, Virginia*

OUT in the Atlantic a brave little seventeenth-century ship—equipped with radio—heads towards New England. There is no particular reason for it to be at sea at all at this moment except the laudable excitement which the adventure will give to participants and onlookers alike; we know already that Mayflower II will arrive too late for celebrations that are themselves thirteen years too early for custom. Yet, as ever, the heirs to the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers have seized the trumpets from the lips of Virginians and have blasted into British ears renewed acceptance of the myth that Plymouth Rock is the symbol of the beginnings of America and of British overseas expansion.

This is the year when by historical right, by decision of the Commonwealth of Virginia and the Government of the United States of America—and indeed the Government of the United Kingdom—Virginia, all America and Britain are celebrating together the 350th anniversary of that day in May, 1607, when on “an extended plaine and spot of earth which thrust itself into the depth and midst of the channell” a small group of Englishmen established themselves in what was to be the first permanent British settlement outside these islands and called it, as an act of homage, Jamestown.

AT Jamestown this year Britain and America have combined to raise two linked exhibition pavilions, the Old World Building built by the British Government and the New World Building built by the Commonwealth of Virginia. It is a rare compliment to British ingenuity, and one so rare that we seem too surprised to mention it, that the intriguing exhibitions in *both* buildings have been planned by a British designer: Harold Midgley of the Central Office of Information (who is also to be concerned with our pavilion at Brussels).

Virginia's precedence and a series of historical accidents which are particularly convenient to the 350th Anniversary Commission—and the tourist trade—were long ago responsible for the fact that many of the most important events in Anglo-American



*A Negro coachman, driver of an old-fashioned carriage, is dressed in the full state livery from the City of London*





*James Fort in Jamestown is the scene of daily pageantry amid historic scenes which recall the beginnings of the U.S.*



*Outside James Fort (above) which was first built by settlers 1607 on arrival at Jamestown, Virginia. The statue (right) prominent on Jamestown Island is of Captain John Smith*

history were played out on the tiny stage of the peninsula between the York and the James River. Ten miles away from Jamestown is Williamsburg, capital of Virginia in the hundred years when Virginia was geographically the largest and politically and spiritually far the most important of the American colonies. Here British government, law and education flourished overseas and here rebels-to-be argued out the beginnings of Americanism to a British pattern. Here, thanks to careful research, wise rebuilding—and the Rockefeller millions—shopkeepers from Chicago or armers from Nebraska whose British blood may be non-existent can see once more the physical reality of their British heritage in the restored eighteenth-century town.

WILLIAMSBURG is both a shrine and a holiday resort, a reconstruction with central heating. It is the hotels and motels of Williamsburg (and they are among the best in the world) which are likely to profit most from the Jamestown celebrations. Because Williamsburg has the public buildings, it is here that many of the major events will take place this summer.

The first of these took place before the British Mission. Hardly had Lord Hailsham thwarted the mistake of a representative of the American Cabinet and by sheer energy fulfilled the intentions of our hosts by running up the Union Jack first at Jamestown, than we were sitting in the Phi Beta Kappa Hall of the College of William and Mary for the première of Randall Thompson's setting of Michael Drayton's "Ode To The Virginia Voyage"—a rumbustious musical interpretation of one of the first and most blatant pieces of advertising literature in the English language. Late in the celebrations, as some symbol of Scotland's great part in colonization, the Band of the Black Watch will put on a show in the College Football Stadium—following in the steps of cavorting drum-majorettes and acrobatic cheer leaders.

Down at the other end of Williamsburg's magnificent Duke of Gloucester Street, in the restored Colonial Capitol, members of a British Parliamentary Delegation will sit with State and Federal



Representatives; half-way down the street the Archbishop of Canterbury will take service in lovely Bruton Parish Church, and it is in Williamsburg that American crowds will see most of the pageantry associated with a visit from the Lord Mayor of London, a visit which, with the inclusion of an ex-Lord Mayor and four Masters of City Companies in the Goodwill Mission, is recognition of the City as financier to colonization.

Ten miles or so from Williamsburg on the York River is Yorktown. Here, too, there will be many celebrations, including a full-scale re-enactment of the battle and of Cornwallis's surrender, and here took place what was for some of us the most poignant moment of the Goodwill Mission when Sir John Cecil-Williams as the representative of Wales, and Col. Johnson, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the British Embassy in Washington, laid a wreath at Fusilier Redoubt while the U.S. Marines guard of honour presented arms and a Marine bugler played "Taps."

THE year's programme is designed to give full play to the notion that this is a British-American celebration. The English, the Scots, the Welsh, all have their part with the Americans, and one group, America's pioneering Scotch-Irish, cannot be ignored. Up in the Valley of Virginia, in America's first West, two historical facts merged for the British Mission. Here we were reminded that Virginia was not only the founder of the United States, but also the head of the defeated but still loved confederacy. Here, discarding pomposities, the British Mission won applause by becoming good Southerners, wearing Johnny Reb hats and singing "Dixie." Here, too, a few hours later, that same Mission became for a few minutes good Orangemen as Brian Faulkner, M.P., Chief Whip of the Northern Ireland Government, proved to us (who needed persuasion), and to our predominantly Scotch-Irish hosts (who needed none), that the speech he had prepared was better than the more frivolous speech we had written for him in the back of the bus which took us the hundreds of miles from banquet to banquet.





MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, who is appearing in cabaret at the Cafe de Paris, is still remembered for her dazzling series of roles in London in the twenties. Miss Bankhead has since been seen mostly in films



"But I don't want to go fast"

## Roundabout

# HOWLER WITH THE BOWLER

**Cyril Ray**

SUCH dapper young members of Piccadilly and St. James's Street clubs as affect, with their bowler hats, brown suede shoes or glossy chestnut brogues—the fashion is not unknown in these parts—take good care to avoid Pall Mall in their excursions east, lest the eagle eye fall upon them of that member of the Junior Carlton who has been writing censorious letters to *The Times* about the sumptuary customs of those who, he says, "obviously should know otherwise."

So, at any rate, a member of White's told me, whom I came across on the doorstep of the Travellers', where he had been invited to luncheon, and it is not for me to suggest that there was a sardonic note in his voice as he played at cocking a weather eye at the majestic pile across the street, and at hiding first one brown-shod foot and then the other behind its fellow-leg.

The correspondence on the subject has been well worth printing, but it was a pretty silly observation that sparked it off. Indeed, the shrewdest comment was that of the subsequent writer who observed that things were even worse than had been at first suggested: he had seen men about London wearing, not knee-breeches but *trousers*!

It is less than a century and a half since the Duke of Wellington was refused admission to a club—was it Almack's?—for this particular sartorial sin: and there must be people now alive who remember when the bowler hat itself was not to be worn in London.

There are men I know who were soldiering before the 1914 war and who would never, in those days, have dared to light a Virginian cigarette in the mess; a gentleman could only smoke Turkish. In George du Maurier's time a gentleman wore a black waistcoat with tails.

So that it is all a matter of period: at which particular state of the tide does one decide to become a Canute? There must have been woad-wearers who tut-tutted over the effete and vulgar young innovators who had taken to going about in skins.

WE wear lounge suits now where our forebears could not have worn anything less formal than a frock coat; soft shirts and collars to our dinner-jackets and dinner-jackets where white ties would once have been the only wear. How silly now would seem those who protested at every step towards our present emancipation! What would the writer of that first letter to *The Times* think now of a wing collar with a morning coat, or a neck-tie worn around a Gladstone collar, and pulled through a jewelled ring?

And why must the protests be directed only at changes in clothes? What about the English language, and what about the English table? All in one single issue, last month, of the newspaper that printed the shocked comment on brown boots with bowler hats I noted "high-ranking officers" for "generals"; and "to contact" as a transitive verb. Is this a less shocking sign of the times than a rather *déjà* attitude towards dress?

Does a man who minds that hat and shoes must match ever wonder at what he eats, and speculate as to how far we have fallen from the better gastronomic habits of our fathers, now that we eat at pretentious parties puddings made, in factories, of whale-oil, cellulose, and garnished with something from a tin?

★ ★ ★

ALL this argument about dress would amuse J. B. Booth, the last surviving member of the staff of *The Pink 'Un*, who has written yet another of his books of reminiscences about the days of hansom-cabs and the Alhambra; Irving and Tree; Romano's and Pagani's.

The new book, *Palmy Days*, is a reminder of what a glittering array of journalistic talent *The Sporting Times* could muster, and tells of how it came by its more familiar name—a simple matter



## PUCCINI'S LAST OPERA

MISS SYLVIA FISHER took the title role in Puccini's "Turandot" recently when it was produced at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The scene shows Miss Fisher as Princess Turandot and Mr. James Johnston as the Calaf



of a big buy of cheap pink newsprint in April 1876, and first christened *The Pink 'Un* by a sporting parson calling from a railway carriage window to a newsboy on Ashford Station. Eventually, the nickname was formally elevated to the paper's masthead, and registered at Stationers' Hall.

It was in *The Pink 'Un*, in 1882, that the famous "In Memoriam" notice appeared, "In Affectionate Remembrance of English Cricket," that gave birth to the legend of the "Ashes."

One member of that long-ago departed staff has always been something of a mystery to me. Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, sometime of the Buffs, was a lively and talented writer on a wide range of man-about-town's subjects, and eventually, I think, the paper's editor, but especially he was an epicure, and his *Gourmet's Guide To London* and *Gourmet's Guide To Europe* are both still worth reading, though they must have been published long before the first of our two world wars.

What has often puzzled me was what brought a soldier of his period to that kind of journalism, an odd hegira in those days, and—more puzzling still—the significance and the provenance of his pseudonym, "The Dwarf of Blood." It must have had some special application to the colonel, and other overtones as well. What?

★ ★ ★

FEW books can be so full of ironic backward looks as Michael Bird's fascinating life of his great-grandfather, *Samuel Shephard of Cairo*, who gave his oddly spelled name to one of the world's most famous hotels—now, alas, no more.

Like most other journalists of my generation, I have sat on the terrace at Shephard's, before it was burned down in 1952 (almost exactly a century after its foundation), thinking long, long thoughts, and drinking short, short drinks. Or perhaps t'other way round: how could I possibly remember?

Braver than many of my colleagues, I have even drunk Egyptian wine in its dining-room. And nasty as *Clos des Pyramides* turned out to be, it is nice to know that the founder of the caravanserai at which I drank it was something of a wit and a great deal of a character.

It is agreeable to see his photograph here—bearded like the pard at fifty, and wearing a tasselled smoking-cap—and realize that this is the bluff Englishman who wrote of his visit to the Paris Opera that "their dancing, like their short drawers, was of too light and too low a nature to be admired," though he could crack a broad joke in letters to the wife at home, whom he addressed as "My dearest little Charmer."

But what is ironic about this story of an almost Palmerstonian character are touches like this comment of a correspondent in the *Graphic*, after Shephard's death:

"If the new Suez Canal, diverting the traffic from its present course, should render Shephard's desolate, the name will remain a pleasant memory. There will always be a rare aroma about it. . . ."

As it turned out, the "new" Suez Canal brought the hotel a prosperity that its founder had never known—and then, indirectly, brought it in ashes to the ground.



BRIGGS



by Graham





*Mr. Alastair Maclean, Miss Diana Kemble, Mr. Bill Green and Miss Joanna Cracroft Wilson*

## BUNBURY CLUB BALL

THE BUNBURY CLUB, formed by members of Trinity College, Cambridge, as a means of keeping in touch with each other, held its annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel recently

*Mr. Simon Pleydell-Bouverie and Miss Mollie Makins were among those present*



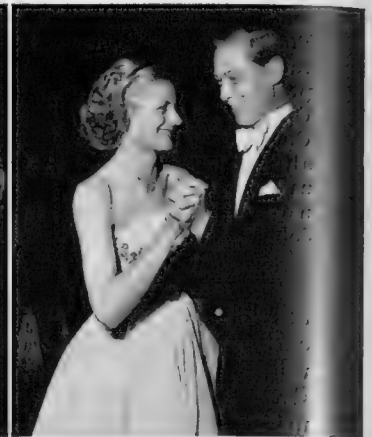
*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
MAY 15,  
1957  
368*



*Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. James Gilbert and Mrs. J. More were dining together*



*Mrs. G. Loftus dancing with Mr. Henry Pownall*



*Mrs. Symington with Mr. Michael Symington*

*Miss Gillian-Mary Osborne and Mr. Carey Creek*

*Mrs. Palmer and Mr. Joseph Palmer*



*Miss Susan Johnstone and Mr. Barry Carter*



*Desmond O'Neill  
Mrs. H. Pownall and Mr. Geoffrey Loftus*





*Countess Cadogan, chairman, Lady Norton, deputy chairman, and Mrs. Leslie Morshead*

## A NIGHT OF ROSES

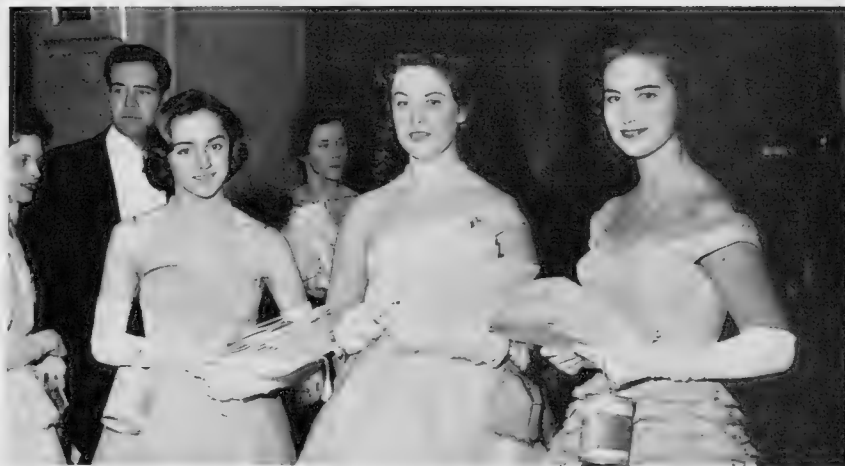
THE ROSE BALL at Grosvenor House, in aid of the forty-sixth Alexandra Rose Day, was attended by 1,000 guests

*Miss Diana Whitehead was in company with Mr. Christopher Clogg*

*Miss S. Berry, Mr. R. Lethbridge, Miss J. Stonor, Mr. M. Nourse*



*Miss Jennifer Anderson arriving with Mr. Roger Gibbs and Miss Caroline Dowding*



*Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, Miss Jessica Wilson and Miss Tessa Milne were selling programmes*

*Miss Julia Cornwall-Legh and Mr. Roger Eckersley behind Mr. A. Taylor and Miss Joanna Vanderfelt*



*A. V. Swabe  
Mr. John Aylmer talking to  
Miss Merle Ropner*

*Miss Frances Sweeny and  
Mr. Mark Watney*





## Priscilla in Paris

# FROM CITY FIREWORKS TO VILLAGE FIREMEN

THE Floire du Trône that sets up its booths and merry-go-rounds from the Place de la Nation to almost the city's limits, is celebrating its millenary anniversary this year. As a birthday it will have everything from Monseigneur Feltn's archiepiscopal blessing to the election of the Queen of the Gipsies, Esmeralda 1957.

Wine, woman and song seem to have sufficed for the entertainment of the good citizens of A.D. 957, under Lothaire III! Pleasures were simple in those dim ages. What would those dear, dead creatures make of the hectic universe in which we live today. I doubt whether they would even recognize the gingerbread pigs that tradition has handed down through the centuries, presented, as they are nowadays, in hygienic wrappings. We may live dangerously, but our germ protection is immense!

An amusing comedy, *Mrs. Willie*, that had a successful run in London last year thanks to the delightful acting of Yvonne Arnaud, will be given in Paris next autumn under the title: *Son Altesse, Madame Durand*. Michel Duran is doing the adaptation for Jeanne Aubert. In the French version Madame Durand is not a pianist, but a singer, which means that just as we enjoyed Yvonne Arnaud's beautiful playing in *Mrs. Willie* we shall have the pleasure of hearing Jeanne Aubert's lovely voice as "Madame Durand." . . . Meanwhile Jeanne is resting at her new country house, near Amboise, in the picturesque valley of the Loire. I saw her there on my way to my own little grey home in the west where I went as soon as the Easter rush was off the roads.

So far as my own restful weekend went it was not a great success, but as Josephine says: it was quite a circus!

Some resinous soot in the chimney of the living-room where we had been burning pine-wood logs on the open hearth caught fire. In some mysterious way the pipes of the kitchen stove communicate with the same chimney . . . an ominous muttering and then a roaring made itself heard. Josephine dashed to the nearest telephone.

It seemed ages before the welcome howling of the siren was heard and I saw the village fire brigade arriving in all its

splendour—an ancient command car enamelled a gorgeous vermilion, its crimson tarpaulin curtains flapping in the wind of its own reckless speed as it lurched over pot-holes at a good thirty kilometres an hour! Wrecking a gatepost it reached the kitchen door in style and the men dropped off. Local lads old friends most of them. The "Midge"—whom I have known since, as a six-year-old, he used to deliver milk from a neighbouring farm—seemed to be the C.O. His blue jeans were gaily patched but he wore a gleaming, silver helmet.

HE bounced into the kitchen trailing a sack that he had soaked in the rainwater butt. . . . The stove, dragged away from the scorched and blistered wall, stood belching smoke while the burning, resinous soot roared in its vitals. . . . "More sacks!" ordered Midge terrifically. We had no more, but Josephine's favourite quilt was airing on a lavender bush. . . . Into the water butt it went and then, hissing protestingly, enveloped the stove that four stalwart fire-eaters heaved through the window, taking part of the frame with it. Stranded in the garden it seemed to squat dispiritedly, all passion spent.

I went into the living-room. Someone had been busy with pans of water from the duck pond. I returned to the kitchen: Josephine, who knows the way of these things, was opening a bottle of *gros rouge* and handing round the *caporal*. We clinked glasses and lit up.

"All danger is over *ma bonne dame*," said Midge reassuringly. "we now depart, tranquillized." As I thanked them the men trooped back to their car, obviously proud of duty well done. Midge was last to leave. At what was left of the gate he turned and saluted formally.

"Bonne nuit, mesdames!" he murmured politely.

## Contre la vie chère . . .

- One of the most expensive things in the world is to buy the cheap bargain that one does not really need.



## CHRISTENING IN NORWAY

PRINCESS RAGNHILD, granddaughter of King Haakon, with her husband, Erling Lorentzen and their children Haakon and Ingeborg after the latter's christening. Ingeborg is King Haakon's first great-granddaughter



*Mrs. M. Buchanan with Lt.-Col. H. Llewellyn*

*Miss Pat Moss with Mr. Tom Barnes*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
MAY 15,  
1957  
371*



*Conte E. P. Giraldi, Princess Beatrice and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and Gen. F. Formigli*



*Miss Dawn Palethorpe, a member of the British team, clearing a jump on Earlsrath Rambler*



*The British team: Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, Miss D. Palethorpe, Mr. Tom Barnes and Mr. Williams*

*Lt.-Col. F. A. Ahern, Lt. W. Ringross and Capt. Callada*

*Miss E. Hargraves, Miss L. Redgrave, Mrs. M. Redgrave*

*Dr. R. H. Schloss*



## THE WORLD'S BEST RIDERS COMPETE IN ROME

HORSEMEN and women from many different countries came to Rome for the International Horse Show held there at the end of last month. Britain was well represented by a fine team of horses and riders

*The winning Italian team: Capt. Piero D'Inzeo, Marchese F. Mangilli, Capt. S. Oppes and Capt. R. D'Inzeo*





"THE GLASS CAGE" (Piccadilly Theatre). This is J. B. Priestley's hand-tooled vehicle for three Canadian brothers and sisters (above, right to left, Murray and Donald Davis and Barbara Chilcott). They play the wild roistering McBane children home to trouble their respectable relations, led by David McBane (Frank Peddie), left. Drawings by Glan Williams

## At the Theatre

# FAMILY DRAMATICS

Anthony Cookman

BORED by hearing young men besought to look back in anger Mr. Priestley is moved to offer them some cooling and sensible avuncular advice. He suggests that to be brought up with a grievance, even with a just grievance, is not, as they seem to suppose, an advantage but may be a serious disablement. It is to be imprisoned almost without knowing it in a glass cage, and until the caged have smashed a way through the confining walls of resentment they will have no clear idea of what the world outside is really like. His parable of tolerance is well timed: I wish it were a little more solidly constructed.

Entertaining as is *The Glass Cage*, it can hardly be put among the author's major plays. It was specially written for the three talented members of a Canadian family of actors met by Mr. Priestley in Toronto—Mr. Murray Davis, Mr. Donald Davis and their sister, whose stage name is Barbara Chilcott, and is brought over by them with the Toronto theatre company, which they direct, to the Piccadilly for a limited season.

The play, as a play, is suited to their slightly old-fashioned but well-spoken and vigorous style of acting. It introduces us to a moneyed Calvinistic household in the Toronto of 1906 where ostentatious piety suggests the lurking presence of many dark hypocrisies. Three poor relations, the children of the McBane who took to drink and married a half-caste woman, have just arrived. They pretend to be shy, these family outcasts, but clearly they mean mischief.

Strange to say, Mr. Priestley's exposition is that of a leisurely novelist rather than of a practised playwright. The cousins have been brought to the house to sign a mysterious document, but the exact significance of this document remains a matter of guesswork. We are tacitly invited not to worry about it

while we watch the ne'er-do-wells doing their skilful best to bedevil the domestic routines of their respectable, hymn singing relatives.

The eldest of the intruders is single-minded about something (we don't quite know what) and is something of a spoilt sport, but the others manage to enjoy themselves in spite of him. Jean lures a solemn boy studying for the ministry out of family prayers and makes eyes at him with devastating effect, and her brother Angus kisses his pretty demure cousin and altogether turns her head. There are shocked interventions by a bitter aunt who seems to have a great deal on her conscience, a sharp-tongued uncle whose sly and lascivious nature is only thinly veneered with respectability, and by an altogether more formidable uncle who "has religion" in its acutest possible form. We mark him down as the greatest villain of them all.

But these shocked interventions make no lasting effect. Youth calls to youth. A wild orgy is started by the former singing waitress, shamelessly stripped to her petticoat.

ALL this makes pleasant comedy which the Davis family carry off with aplomb. But it is the triumphant success of its orgiastic climax that seems to set Mr. Priestley remembering why he has brought the bad cousins to this respectable house, and also that he has an admonitory word or two ready for the younger generation. He quickly gets the story into working order. The cousins have been brought to Toronto, it appears, to sign away their inheritance cheaply. This they have no intention of doing; in fact, they have come to get every penny due to them. But just as their plans appear at the point of fruition the girl is seized with compunction, and the contagion of moral strength passes to the wilder of her brothers and finally to the most revengeful.

Her point is that their grievance, though well founded, has ruined their lives. But for the sense of having been cheated out of their rights they might have made some use of their talents instead of frittering away their time as professed ne'er-do-wells. The difficult conversion speech is handled boldly and effectively by Miss Chilcott. And Mr. William Needles also does well when he has to show that the uncle whom we have all taken for the wickedest of the family is in truth a sincerely religious man. Thus, asks the author, should all family differences be composed. But I think that if Mr. Priestley had put more creative energy into his drawing of character and depended less on melodramatic surprises his plea for tolerance in human relations would carry more weight.



Elspee (Janet Reid), David's daughter, with her fiancée (William Job)

MAI ZETTERLING (opposite) is seen as Thérèse in *Restless Heart*, the English adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play *La Sauvage* which opened at the St. James's Theatre on May 8. The play revolves round Thérèse's struggle to reconcile her rich and happy marriage to her personal integrity. Photographed by Tony Armstrong Jones







*Lord Cowdray in conversation with  
Mr. Harold Freeborn*

## THE POLO SEASON OPENS AT COWDRAY

*Photographs by*

*Mr. Jonathan Riley Smith with Miss  
Dominie Riley Smith*



*Maj.-Gen. Sir R. A. R. Neville, Lady  
Neville and Miss Emma Neville*





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
MAY 15,  
1957  
375*

*Mrs. J. R. Robinson, Valerian Robinson  
and Miss Gillian Attenborough*

THE 1957 POLO SEASON opened at Cowdray Park, the home of British polo, with the semi-finals of the Tyro Cup competition. More spectators were present than is usual for the first matches of the season, one of which is seen left

and O'Neill



*Mrs. Hicks with Mr. W. A. Hicks,  
who is a polo player*



*Kunwar Bijai Singh, Ratanada 2, Cdr. R. E. F. De Pass, Ratanada 1, and  
Maj.-Gen. Sir R. A. R. Neville, Ratanada back, in play against the Jersey Lilies*



*Miss Marion Schlitter was here with  
Countess Bubnar*

*Miss Jennifer Steele, Miss Gillian  
Steele, Miss Jennifer Swan*



*H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur played  
in an American tournament*

*Brig. J. P. Archer-Shee, Miss Mary  
Archer-Shee, Capt. Kishen Singh*



*Mrs. Stainton, Mrs. A. Harper, Mr. A.  
Stainton and Mrs. R. Wright*



At the Pictures

# THE RETURN OF MRS. SHELLEY'S NATIVE

*Elsbeth Grant*

I HAVE no appetite at all for horror pictures, and nothing but a stern sense of duty could have induced me to sit through *The Curse Of Frankenstein*—a film for the viewing of which audiences should not be charged admission, but rather awarded danger money, as any person of moderate sensibility is liable to suffer severe shock, while the highly strung type may well be driven plumb demented. The only sure protection against films of this type is a lively appreciation of the absurd.

Mr. Peter Cushing, an excellent actor, is chillingly effective, as the fanatical Baron Frankenstein, who conducts strange experiments in the attic of his Swiss castle. With his ex-tutor, unscholarly looking Mr. Robert Urquhart, he succeeds in restoring a dead dog to life. This inspires him to construct a creature of his own out of human remains.

This piecemeal reconstruction, and parallel destruction of unwanted items with the aid of a handy acid bath, largely escaped me—I was probably in a swoon at the time. But on coming to I found Mr. Urquhart, who had witnessed these macabre proceedings without merciful oblivion coming to his relief, in a state of disgust and outrage. In a fight with Mr. Cushing he damages the brain unit—so that when the creature is completed and has been duly galvanized into action it turns out to be a criminal maniac. After it has killed a couple of people, Mr. Urquhart shoots it dead.

The creature, played with a certain awful pathos by Mr. Christopher Lee, is egregiously hideous and no advertisement for Frankenstein's "Do It Yourself" methods—but the baron can't leave bad alone. The moment Mr. Urquhart's back is turned, he regalyzanizes it and the poor thing has a perfectly terrible time until, with its clothing ablaze, it plunges into that old acid bath and is totally consumed.



PHINEAS FOGG (David Niven) aboard the train attacked by Indians in *Around The World In 80 Days* to be seen soon at the specially adapted Astoria



DESMOND WALTER-ELLIS and A. E. Matthews are two of the staunch naval types in *Carry On, Admiral*. The film is taken from the long-running play *Off The Record* by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall



## WOMAN OF THE DOCKS

YVONNE MITCHELL, the young British actress who has appeared in many important international films, is to be seen in the starring role in *Woman In A Dressing Gown*. Miss Mitchell has also played outstanding parts in the theatre and will shortly direct a play, *Less Than Kind*, by her husband, critic Derek Monsey

It is only fair to say that the film, in telling Eastman Colour, has been very well directed by Mr. Terence Fisher—but if this entertainment, my dear, you may hit me over the head with a hammer. It carries, as well it might, an “X” Certificate.

THAT jolly little play *Off The Record* has been re-written for the screen by Mr. Val Guest and turns up, directed by him and produced with the full co-operation of the Royal Navy,” as *Carry On, Admiral*. It is a good-humoured romp in which, following a highly alcoholic evening, the Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Sea Lord (Mr. David Tomlinson) and Lieutenant-Commander Fraser of H.M.S. Sherwood (Mr. Brian Reece) find themselves temporarily stuck with each other’s jobs.

Mr. Guest has expanded the play very nicely—so that almost everybody can fall into the sea and Mr. Tomlinson, demonstrating the workings of a torpedo tube, can inadvertently sink his boss. Mr. A. E. Matthews is gorgeously crusty and scatter-brained as the old Admiral and Mr. Desmond Walter-Ellis grins agreeably as a chuckle-headed Flag Lieutenant with a *Burke’s Peerage* background. Miss Eunice Gayson’s performance as the Admiral’s granddaughter excruciatingly reminded one of Miss Gingly’s revue crack: “Darling—even the Admiralty couldn’t be more arch!”

*Designing Woman* is a slick, smartly scripted sophisticated comedy about a New York sports writer, Mr. Gregory Peck, who blithely marries a young woman, Miss Lauren Bacall, he has met on a bat in California—and only discovers afterwards

that she is a top fashion designer. Their interests and tastes conflict and their friends don’t mix—and, to make the marriage really cosy, Miss Bacall begins to suspect her husband of having had, or even still having, an affair with an actress—delightful Miss Dolores Gray.

Mr. George Wells, the associate producer who wrote the script, has provided some well-manipulated situations and sparkling dialogue, and Mr. Vincente Minnelli has directed wittily.

I SAT through *The Day They Gave Babies Away* in a state of complete mystification. It is soaked in a sentimentality that would make Little Nell and Tiny Tim look like Dead End Kids, and it follows, at the pace of a very old snail, a sort of “Stella Dallas,” over-the-hill-to-the-poorhouse graph. Believe it or not, it ends with a little boy (Master Rex Thompson), the eldest of five orphans, lugging his small brothers and sisters through the snow on Christmas night, and making presents of them to kindly neighbours, before setting off to make a lone living as a miniature lumber-jack. You have been warned.

Of seven amateur films screened at the National Film Theatre, the best is *Down To Earth*, made by the King’s College School Film Society (and available for public showing through the British Film Institute). It is about an angel-child in grey flannel shorts who reforms the obstreperous boys at a distinctly Narkoverish establishment—and it could well have been called “The Passing of the Third Form Back.”



## INFANT IN THE ANDES

WHEN Werner Bischof lost his life in a jeep accident in the Andes he had almost completed his record of the people there. This fine work is embodied, with additional photographs by Robert Frank and Pierre Verger in an introduction by Manuel Tunon de Lara, in "Incas To Indians" (Photography Magazine, 45s.) from which this illustration of a delightful small Indian baby is taken



## Book Reviews

# HAUNTING VARIATION ON AN AGELESS THEME

IRIS MURDOCH's third novel, *The Sandcastle* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.) has the absolute distinction of her two others, plus something further. The extraordinary quality of the author appears more, this time, in the vision than in the theme—a middle-aged man's love for a young girl. The publishers say, on the jacket, that Miss Murdoch in this book has discarded fantasy: I should say, rather, that fantasy *has* place, but as a give-off from primitive emotion. The kaleidoscopic and dazzling quality of *Under The Net* and *Flight From The Enchanter* may be less here, but the strength, sureness and above all the humanity are greater.

The characters in *The Sandcastle* are not foot-loose. They are all—with the exception of Rain Carter, twenty-two-year-old painter with her life still to make—rooted firmly into conventional soil. Bill Mor, the central figure, is one of the house-masters at St. Bride's, a public school of the second class, in Surrey. The school provides not only the setting but the conditioning atmosphere of the novel. He is married, one Nan being his wife, and father of two adolescent children—Donald, a pupil at St. Bride's and Felicity, a taciturn schoolgirl given to witchcraft. Mor has, when we meet him, an alternative to schoolmastering in view: he has been invited to stand as Labour candidate for a neighbouring industrial borough. It would be a safe seat. Mrs. Mor, for reasons in keeping with her character, is against this.

In Nan Mor, Miss Murdoch gives us as fine a drawing of one kind of woman as we have ever had. The treatment is not merely ruthless which could be easy: it is, rather, ruthlessly just and fair. Nan is not a type but an individual, armed with all the ghastly propensities of her kind. Rain Carter—missish and didactic at the beginning—is presented with the same exactitude and respect for passion. The girl, potentially genius daughter of a genius father, has been commissioned to paint the portrait of

Demoyte, former headmaster, which is to be presented to the school. Demoyte, grand and infuriating old man, lives in a beautiful old house near by St. Brides, over which he continues to cast a gigantic shadow. While at work on the portrait (that is for the duration of the story) Rain is Demoyte's guest.

This prosaic world of Gothic school buildings and tight privy hedges around small lawns is edged and lapped by the uncanny splendours of passion. From the moment Rain grips Mor's hand to guide him through the black-dark of a garden, when the two go out to cut roses at the end of a dinner party, a fundamental resistance movement is at work. There is to follow the drive through the wood in the Riley, and the agonizing subsidence of the car, inch by inch, over the crumbling river bank. Towards the end of *The Sandcastle*, Miss Murdoch's genius for the factual reappears in the scene where the boys climb the school tower and lose their nerve, and the subsequent nerve-racking business with the ladder.

THE raw rainy early morning, and the panic-creating ringing of the doorbell of the Mors' house, where in Nan's absence Rain has been spending the night, is another high point. And so is the scene at the St. Bride's banquet (celebrating the presentation of the portrait) at which Nan Mor, with a diffidence which is to seem little justified, rises to make her wifely speech. In the silently ominous figure of the gipsy and the re-evocations of the dead dog Liffey, we have surely the element called fantasy given its full dynamic, decisive force . . . ? *The Sandcastle*, though it is head and shoulders above the average "suspense" novel, sets up, as one reads, its own kind of awesome suspense—which, steadily mounting, is sometimes all but unbearable. Comedy keeps the story in final balance. Though, who dare quite mock at Bledyard the fanatical art-master?



Mark Gerson

DORIS LESSING, the well-known novelist, recently returned to her birthplace in Rhodesia; an account of her visit, "Going Home" (Michael Joseph, 21s.), has just been published

ERIC WILLIAMS has the art of telling a story on two levels. Just as his escape story, *The Wooden Horse*, overtopped and looks like outliving others, his new book, **Complete And Free** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 16s.), contains, under its cheerful surface, much that will cause the reader to stop and think—and equally makes a bid for literary permanence. At the first glance, this is an account of summer holiday travel, in which the author and his wife take off in an old Bentley tourer and make their way through France, Italy, Austria, finally into Germany, camping at nights. As such, *Complete And Free* is a rattling good narrative, high-spirited, taut with sense of adventure, and conveying—possibly best of all—the happiness of two people together.

The year is 1949: the countries travelled through are, for all their show of returned normality, still far from back again on their feet. Hangovers from wartime complications meet Mr. and Mrs. Williams along their route, in the form of bizarre interludes, tricky mentalities.

BUT also, in the course of the holiday, an inner personal problem is to be solved, a crucial decision to be made—so, everything seen, heard or taken part in comes to relate, in one way or another to what is fundamentally occupying the author's mind. He is on leave, for six months, from the big firm for which he had been working before the war—which had held his place open for him, and to which he had accordingly gone back—in order to be present at the filming of *The Wooden Horse*, in Germany—which accounts for why he is headed for that country, and due to present himself by a certain date. The six months will, sooner or later, be up. . . . What next?

In Eric Williams's case, the alternative was that of returning to a safe job, or taking his chances—surely, in his case, extra promising chances?—as a writer. At the end of *Complete And Free*, the decision makes itself. Mr. Williams's readers, present and to come, will have continual reason to give thanks for it.

—Elizabeth Bowen



A NUDE by Duncan Grant, included in the forty pictures comprising his "Recent Painting" exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. It is his first show since 1945



Fashions by Isobel  
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

## HOLIDAY MOODS

THIS WEEK we show imaginative clothes designed to promote the holiday spirit. Left: By Guidi, of Florence, a sleeveless playsuit made in orange towelling with a wide square neck, and a matching full length beach coat lined with beige, 7 gns. and 17 gns. respectively. In several colours; Harvey Nichols. Right: A cotton Italian beach jacket in black and orange printed on white, ballooning from a wide neckband, banded at the top of the legs, and lined in orange towelling, 8 gns.; Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1







John French

ABOVE: Blouse and shorts in navy and white striped cotton; the brief well-tailored shorts barely show beneath the nautical matelot top, £8 10s. at Debenhams & Freebody. The beach boater comes from a delightful selection of gay holiday hats obtainable at Debenhams



LEFT: A playsuit by Dorville in brilliant orange, white and black striped fine woven cotton. A one piece suit, it has a half collar and a wide belt in plain orange. Price 15 gns., it comes from Morel Dresses, of 42 Curzon Street, W.1

RIGHT: A yellow poplin shirt knotting high at the front, £1 13s., is worn with calf length jeans slit at the side, made in multi-coloured jersey wool, 7 gns. Wide straw beach hat, 19s. 6d. All from Dickins & Jones, Regent St., W.1

## LONGS AND SHORTS







IN white cotton patterned with bright orange prawns, this skirt and top by Dorville are perfect holiday wear. The skirt is gathered full on to a wide waistband, and the top has shoestring straps that can be untied for sunbathing. Price 10½ gns.; Craysons, Bond St.

An appetizing prawn cocktail beside the sea

FOR a carefree day on the seashore. This gay outfit by Rima Casuals in hand-painted pink striped cotton consists of a top swinging full and loose to below the hips worn over matching calf-length jeans. Price approx. 12 gns., obtainable from Anne Gerrard, Bruton St., W.1

. . . and pyjama stripes for lazing on the beach



John French





John French

WITH the daytime highlights of the Season in view—Ascot, Henley, garden parties and summer weddings—we show a delightful coat and dress partnership. The crisp well-tailored dress in pale gold and white spotted pure silk shantung (below), 8½ gns. The coat in honey-coloured linen and Terylene (right), price 10 gns. White panama hat with rolled brim, £5 12s. 6d., pale string beige bag, 3½ gns., white fabric gloves, 19s. 6d., bracelet, necklace and ear-rings, 7 gns. All from Debenham & Freebody

## MIXED DOUBLES

CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK







This most stylish golf trolley is designed to carry a full match set of fourteen clubs. It costs £19s. 15s. 6d. and is obtainable from Lillywhites



## On turf and on water

*NOW* is the time when the call of the great outdoors insists on being answered. For ourselves we are glad of the slightest excuse to try out the new golf set, the canoe or croquet equipment amid the pleasures of garden, country and rivers — JEAN CLELAND

The Spalding Coolie golf trolley, in red or green, can be wheeled along folded. £8 8s. it comes from Gordon Lowe



The new D.I. Penfold golf ball is dually identifiable by card markings and numerals. 4s. 6d. each ball bought from Gordon Lowe



The golf ball lighter (above) is £3 7s. 6d. in price, while (below) the travelling clock costs £7 1s. 6d. Lillywhites sell them both

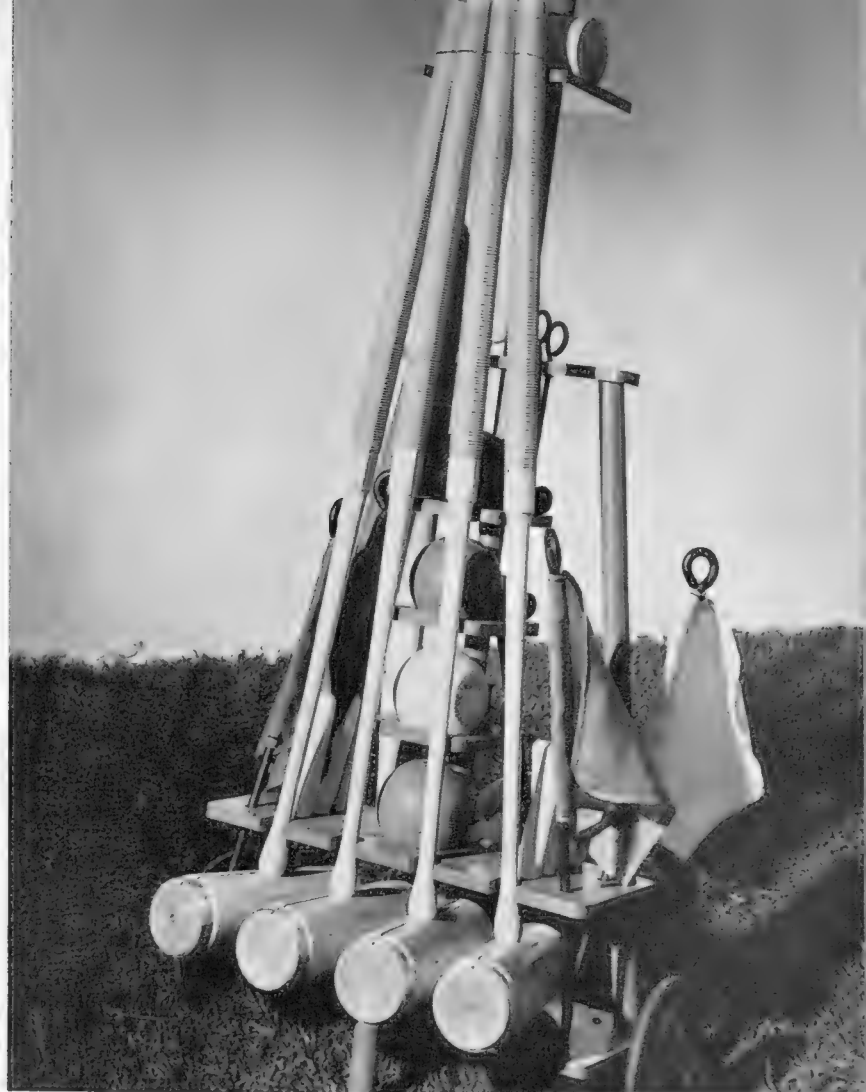


The "Cressy Perfect" racket (left), by the Alexander Racket Co., Tasmania, costs £7 17s. 6d. The "Cambridge," which is made by Grays, is a steel shafted racket at £5 5s. The "Cressy Perfect" is exclusive to Gordon Lowe, who sells these rackets

The "Granta" folding canoe is a single seater packing into two small holdalls which assemble without trouble. £22 at Gordon Lowe



This croquet trolley takes all the necessary equipment, mallets, balls, posts, etc., to and from the lawns. It is priced at £6 1s. 6d., and may be bought from Messrs. Gordon Lowe



Top to bottom: lobster catcher, tong type with lanyard, £1 13s. Italian Cressi harpoon gun, in England for the first time, £7 5s. Waterproof torch, encased in rubber, 11s. Photo-marine camera case for various types of cameras, of which the bulbs for the flash attachment may be changed under water, £40. Floating cork knife, £2 9s. Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge

The Kon-Tiki surfboard promises delightful pleasures for its low price of £1 19s. 6d. The slalom water ski for those at home on the water costs £7 17s. 6d. Lillywhites stock them







*A LARGE TOWEL, for brisk rubbing, is essential if you want to take advantage of the scented and curative baths described on this page. Here is Debenham & Freebody's luxurious "Rose-bud" bath towel, price £4 19s. 6d., 59 in. by 79 in. The smaller sizes may be obtained for 11s. 9d., £1 6s. 6d. and £2 15s. 9d. respectively*

Dennis Smith

## Beauty

# Bathtime delights

THE arrival of a new range of scents and bath luxuries called "Passport," created by Mr. D. R. Collins of Goya, set my thoughts weaving.

The very sight of the word passport invariably fills me with a sense of excitement, conjuring up pictures of travel and admission to countries where, if the choice of a holiday lies with me, sunshine prevails. My mood immediately is one of: "Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

On this occasion, however, "Passport" prompted an entirely different set of ideas. As I lathered the soap, dusted on the talcum powder—into which, I noted, a modern deodorant has been blended—and inhaled the refreshing and delightful fragrance of the cologne and the scent, my mind turned to the bath. Here, I thought, is a passport to health and beauty if ever there was one. I then reflected on the various kinds of baths available in these days, and if people ever stop to think of the numerous benefits that can be derived from them. Here are just a few of the things for which they are really excellent.

FOR relaxation. Nervous tension being one of the bugbears of modern life, we are constantly being told to *relax*. This is often easier said than done, but there is little doubt that the bath provides one of the most effective ways of achieving it. A famous actress once told me of her own method, which seemed to me to be an extremely good one. "When I am too tired and tensed up to relax," she said, "I take a hot bath scented with the fragrance of my favourite flower, which happens to be freesia. Apart from its subtle and delicate scent, which I love, it brings back such happy memories, that when I think of them, I automatically feel all smoothed out."

Enchantingly simple, and well worth trying. All you have to do is to select the flower that means something special to you, and get the bath luxuries that are scented with it. Apart from the popular flower scents that spring to mind, such as lavender, violet, lily of the valley, rose, there are many others such as honeysuckle, jasmine, lilac, apple blossom, gardenia . . . any of which may be the very flower to do the trick.

For reducing. There are a number of different baths under this heading, all very efficacious for slimming, especially if a reasonable diet is observed at the same time. Some can only be given professionally, others can be taken in one's own home. Let us take the professional ones first. Most popular of all perhaps, is the Turkish bath, and this is certainly as quick a way as any for reducing avoirdupois. It is a pleasant and profitable way of spending an afternoon, and after the final rub down you feel as gleaming clean as a new penny.

WAX baths which can be had in various well-known beauty salons provide another method for melting away superfluous flesh. The great advantage of this is that if you do not want to slim all over, it can be used on any special part, such as the arms, the legs or the ankles, without affecting the rest of the body.

The foam bath is still another variation, and some people like this because they find that the foam acts as a sort of gentle massage, which is both pleasant and beneficial to the skin; steam baths can also be had at salons and clinics. These are taken in a closed cabinet, and usually produce very good and speedy results for those who want to get a move-on with their slimming.

Home methods include the good old stand-by, Epsom-salt—a pound to an average bath—Maria Hornes "Celavita," which brings the spa to your bathroom, and the "Turkobath," by means of which you can enclose the steam, and take what amounts to a Turkish bath in your own home. It is possible to have a foam bath at home, too, and I know of at least one masseuse who brings her own apparatus, and does the whole thing for you.

—Jean Cleland



Pearl Freeman

Miss Patricia Margaret Rodda, daughter of Lt.-Col. H. C. F. Rodda, of Charnage, Wilts, and Mrs. C. A. Southey, of Wylam, Northumberland, is to marry Capt. Antony John Peter Grosch, Durham Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Grosch, of Eastbourne

## THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Rosemary Diana Angell James, elder daughter of Mr. J. Angell James, M.D., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Angell James, of Sundayshill, Falfield, Glos, is to marry Lt. Ian Fergie-Woods, R.N., younger son of Dr. Fergie-Woods, M.D., and Mrs. Fergie-Woods, of Liphook, Hants



Houston Rogers

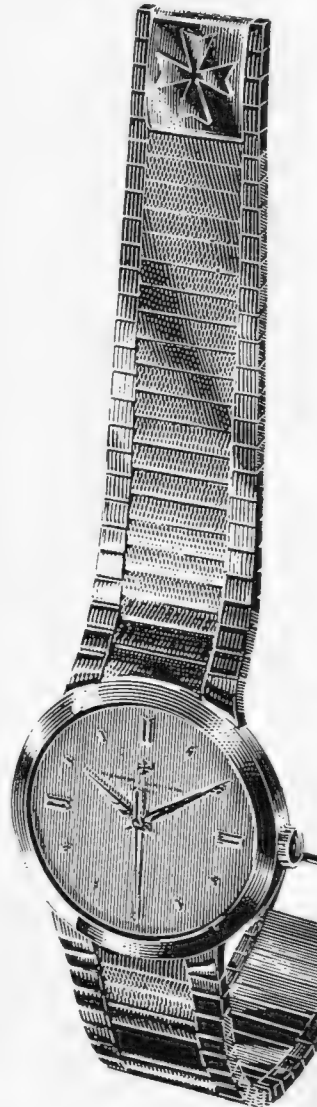
Miss Juliet Barron, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Barron, of Woodcote Road, Caversham, Berks, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Lee Nutt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Nutt, of Long Island, New York, U.S.A.

Miss Joanna Rea, daughter of the Hon. Findlay R. Rea, of Neal Street, London, W.C.2, and Mrs. Rene MacColl, of Markham Square, Chelsea, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. Robert Cecil Seeckts, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Seeckts, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Hartip

## The Chronomètre "ROYAL"

*a timepiece for the connoisseur*



One of the few watches to bear the Geneva hallmark is the Chronomètre Royal, by the 200-year-old firm of Vacheron et Constantin, dean of Switzerland's watch industry. The Chronomètre Royal earned its right to the Geneva hallmark by complying in every respect with the exacting standards laid down by the Republic and Canton of Geneva for its famous master watchmakers.

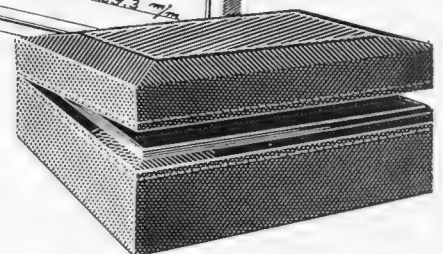
Shock-protected waterproof, the Chronomètre Royal has a stopping device for setting the watch accurate to the second.

**VACHERON  
ET  
CONSTANTIN**

IN GENEVA SINCE 1755



The Chronomètre Royal comes in a presentation coffer of fine leather, with a folder containing the guarantee and other documents.



## WATCHES OF SWITZERLAND

LIMITED

15 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 • 127A PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH  
125 NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM • 69 LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL





**Fenwick—Hodnett.** Mr. John James Fenwick, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Fenwick, of Osborne Villas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2, and Charles Street, W.1, married Miss Muriel Gillian Hodnett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hodnett, Osbaldeston Gardens, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 3, at the Church of All Saints, Gosforth



**Nicolson—Rogerson.** The marriage took place of Mr. Timothy J. S. Nicolson, youngest son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Nicolson, of Norton Bavant Manor, Warminster, Wiltshire, and Miss Valda S. D. Rogerson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, of Guildenhurst Manor, Billingshurst, Sussex, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Harvey—Makins.** The Hon. Peter C. Harvey, elder son of Lord and Lady Harvey of Parkside, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, married Miss Penelope A. Makins, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir William Makins, Bt., and Lady Makins, of Littlehayes, Itchen Abbas, Winchester, Hampshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Glover—Chiesman.** The marriage was celebrated at St. Nicholas Church, Chislehurst, of Dr. R. B. Glover, son of the late Mr. H. G. Glover and Mrs. Eric Young, of Eastmead, Bickley, and Miss Joan E. Ann Chiesman, elder daughter of Mr. C. Stuart Chiesman, of Calderwood, Chislehurst



**Bizzarri—Yorke.** Conte Mario Bizzarri, only son of the late Conte Lorenzo Bizzarri, and of Contessa Gianna Bizzarri, of Viale Parioli, Rome, married Miss Felicity Yorke, daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Yorke, and Mrs. Yorke, Lyndhurst, Hants, at the Roman Catholic Church, Lyndhurst

**Beevor—Cunliffe.** Sir Thomas Beevor, Bt., son of the late Cdr. Sir Thomas Beevor, Bt., R.N., and of Mrs. R. A. Currie, of East Woodhay, Newbury, Berks, married Miss Barbara C. Cunliffe, daughter of Capt. R. L. B. Cunliffe, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Cunliffe, of Pakenham Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, at St. Mary's Church, Pakenham



# Courtaulds Tested-Quality



Regd.



From **Robert Dorland**

—a short evening dress in  
a yarn dyed poult and velvet.

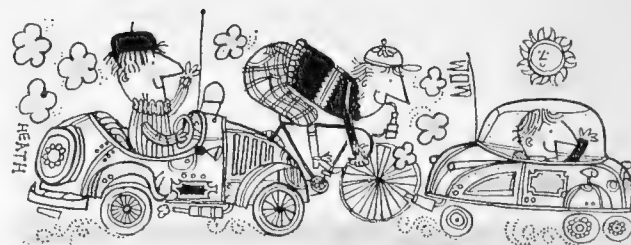
Both fabrics made with Courtaulds' acetate.

Courtaulds Limited,  
16 St Martin's-le-Grand,  
London, E.C.1.





THE RENAULT DAUPHINE, which has gained golden opinions wherever it has been seen, is one of the pleasantest, neatest and glossiest of the many small motors now competing in Britain's car market. A rear-engined car, the bonnet conceals the luggage compartment (right) which is seen open. In it is stored the battery. The driving position of this rear-drive car is shown below. The instruments are neatly grouped; there is a central gear-lever, horizontal hand-brake and draught-deflectors on the windows



## Motoring

# PROFILE OF A DAUPHINE

A DELIGHTFUL little motor car is the Renault Dauphine, the model that was given to the Queen during her recent Paris visit.

First let me list the things that are "right" and that are seen to be right the moment you step into a Dauphine. Four doors, all hung in the correct way, that is at the front; independent sliding seats in front; a central, short gear change lever, a central, almost horizontal hand brake lever; a radiator blind; twin windscreen wipers; curved screen and wrap-around rear window; hand dip switch, heater, demister, vizors, mirror and all the usual accessories.

Now to move away from the garage. There is an automatic choke. These are not always trustworthy fittings; but the one on the Dauphine worked well. The steering is light and the turning circle is a revelation in handiness for it is well under 30°. Bottom gear is noisy, but second and third are quiet, and direct the car is moving the driver becomes aware that, at medium speeds, it is one of the quietest vehicles on the road.

Comparisons are odious and when concerned with a thing subjective as sound they are also liable to be misleading; but my impression is that at forty-five to fifty miles an hour cruising, the Dauphine is the quietest small car on the road. It runs positively like silk. A reason for the silence may be that the water-cooled engine is mounted at the rear and that there is rear drive so that not only is there no noise-making machinery in front of the driver, but there are no whirling wheels at shafts under his feet.

THE acceleration is fair; traffic handling good. The four-cylinder engine is of only 845 cubic centimetres capacity, that, if the car is pressed much above sixty miles an hour then begin to whizz a little, but that small capacity means good fuel consumption. Fifty-five miles to the gallon at a steady thirty miles an hour is certainly attractive.

My own driving ignored all the principles of economy, I could not obtain a worse figure than forty miles to the gallon and that was with constant city use. So the tank gives a range of nearly three hundred miles at what may be called the normal consumption of forty-five miles to the gallon with a small margin.

The independent suspension on all four wheels gives great riding comfort. The standard colours in which the Dauphine is finished, red or blue of two shades, or cream, are particularly pleasing—again a thing to be expected in a French car.

The rear engine gives good accessibility to all parts with which the driver is likely to be concerned. The dip stick can be used and read without getting covered in mud or dust. The front luggage compartment is spacious. In the front also are battery and brake fluid reservoir, both very accessible, and the spare wheel, which is carried in a compartment of its own under the luggage compartment. All this configuration of rear engine, rear drive, front luggage compartment and front spare wheel is logical and enables a small car to be constructed which gives large interior accommodation.

Including purchase tax the price of the Renault Dauphine is £769 7s., and the car can be had in a two-pedal version, using the Ferlec clutch.

—Oliver Stewart

Raglan-sleeved crew-neck sweater

also cardigans

pullovers and waistcoats

from Scotland

Sporting  
event  
by **Holyrood**

Murdoch, Hillson Ltd. 67-73 Mitchell Street Glasgow C1

*"The Antiquary"*

*de luxe  
Scotch  
Whisky*

The pleasure this  
whisky brings will  
repay the effort  
necessary to obtain  
it.

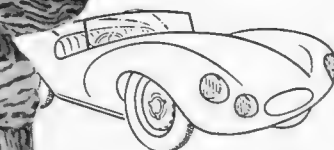


*"at last I  
have found it!"*

*J & M Hardie*  
LIMITED.

EDINBURGH.

OCELOT  
by  
**molho**



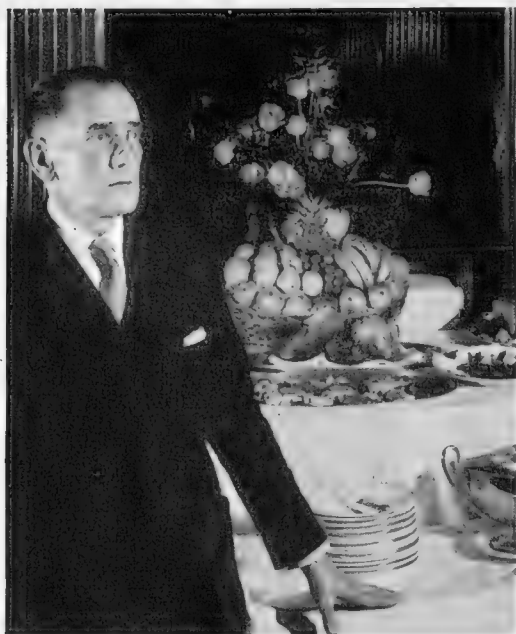
A note to us will  
bring you photographs  
of any fur you would  
particularly like to see.

35 BROOK STREET · LONDON · W.1



## DINING OUT

## Tour de force



Ivon de Wynter

MAITRE ROBERT of Brown's Hotel restaurant was born in Switzerland and began his career in the Poulsen-Stocco stable—the Cafe de Paris, the Cafe Anglais and the London Casino. He has also worked at the R.A.C. in Pall Mall and at the Savoy

It is a peculiar thing that whenever I go on what I can best describe as a "strenuous" holiday, I have the greatest difficulty in remembering very much about it on my return. By "strenuous" I mean covering in three weeks over 2,000 miles by car, visiting three or four different wine districts in France, renewing old friendships among the wine growers and making new ones, dashing off to Switzerland, visiting the Motor Show in Geneva, and so on. It is only by making copious notes and taking a large number of photographs that I find I can finally piece together the events that took place. There are, of course, things one remembers without these aids.

During the holiday from which I recently returned I shall remember the first of the many glasses of wine imbibed *en route*. This was a glass of Vin de Chevaliers taken at the Bridge Hotel at Clayhithe, where I had gone to meet a friend and philanthropist named Reg Parker who had loaned me a brand new Singer "Gazelle" to take with me. This wine came from a barrel on the bar which had been open for four weeks and was fitted with the *comptoir des vins* device for making it possible to keep an open cask of wine in good order for a considerable time, and this particular glass was certainly still in good order.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferies who run this hotel, which has a garden running down to the river, came from Cockfosters. Mr. Jefferies was Catering Adviser to the Eighth Army and amongst other activities found himself catering for the Cairo Conference.

I shall also remember the second glass which I had in London at the Grosvenor Hotel with another friend and philanthropist who directs the Camera Company in Vauxhall Bridge Road, and who, over a bottle of Krug Private Cuvée 1947, lent me without let or hindrance a Zeiss Super Ikonta, and it was thus handsomely equipped with car and camera that I set forth.

BECAUSE I hate a rush, I stayed at the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone overnight before leaving Dover the next day, and as I was sad when the holiday was over I stayed there for the night on my return, and shall remember it for its warmth, its very friendly management and staff, and the complete silence of one's room after one or two nights on the way back in French hotels, when it was only possible to snatch a few minutes' sleep here and there between the thunderings of the lorries which persist from dusk till dawn. In addition, the Burlington has a good bar and a lively barman, René Ancel, who was a paratrooper in the Free French Forces and hails from Grasse, while the chef, M. Milford, provided a *Sole Bréval* (*Sole bonne femme* with the addition of chopped tomato) and a mixed grill which reminded me forcibly that you don't have to go abroad to get good food.

It is an odd thought that it was dining at the Burlington that I had the most unusual wines of the whole trip: going out, Swiss Neuchatel '54 and a *White Château Neuf du Pape*, and on my return, Tervigny Blanc with the sole and Tervigny Rouge with the mixed grill, excellent wines from the Château de Montfort, the property of Henri Maire, from Arbois in the Jura, and quite unknown in this country.

—I. Bickerstaff

Ginger ale  
or Soda?



Mr Brandyman makes a  
luxurious long drink with either...

More and more people are finding a new and very special pleasure in Brandy as a long drink. At the smartest parties, in the most hospitable homes, Mr. Brandyman introduces just the right note.

Make friends with

MARTELL

The  
King of  
Whiskies



SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

## Interlaken

BERNESE OBERLAND—Switzerland

Centre of vacations and excursions

Season: April—October

Casino-Kursaal, Swimming pool, yacht

waterski, fishing, tennis, miniature

Full board min. 3 days

Boats

Hotels

425 Victoria-Jungfrau ..... 20

170 Gd. Hotel Beau-Rivage ..... 22.50

150 Royal-St. Georges ..... 19

150 Schweizerhof ..... 19

100 Belvédère ..... 19

110 Metropole and Monopole ..... 17.50

80 Krebs ..... 17.50

80 Carlton ..... 17.50

70 Du Lac ..... 17.50

55 National ..... 17.50

110 Weisses Kreuz ..... 16

100 Bellevue ..... 16

100 Eden ..... 16

100 Interlaken ..... 16

100 Du Nord ..... 16

100 Oberland ..... 16

100 Savoy ..... 16

80 Bernerhof ..... 16

80 Jura ..... 16

70 Central ..... 16

70 Gotthard ..... 16

60 Bristol-Terminus ..... 16

60 Splendid ..... 16

20 Neuhaus (a. Thunersee) ..... 16

80 Hirschen (Interlaken) ..... 15

70 Drei Tannen ..... 15

70 Europe ..... 15

60 Alpina ..... 15

55 Horn ..... 15

45 Sonne (Matten) ..... 15

38 Beauséjour ..... 15

35 Beausite ..... 15

28 Rössli ..... 15

18 Blume ..... 15

50 Touriste ..... 14

40 Helvetia ..... 14

40 Merkur ..... 14

40 De la Paix ..... 14

35 Krone ..... 14

35 Löwen ..... 14

32 Harder-Minerva ..... 14

31 Rügenpark ..... 14

25 Goldener Anker ..... 14

25 Iris ..... 14

25 Lötschberg ..... 14

24 Eintracht ..... 14

22 Hardermandli ..... 14

21 Bären ..... 14

18 Bahnhof ..... 14

12 Flora ..... 14

11 Adler ..... 14

10 Zum Marktplatz ..... 14

Official Tourist Office, Interlaken

# dunhill



You must visit the new Dunhill shop in Saint James's. It has everything for the discriminating smoker and a wealth of novel gifts to tempt the non-smoker.

ALFRED DUNHILL LTD.,  
30, DUKE STREET, SAINT JAMES'S  
LONDON, S.W.1.



BY APPOINTMENT TOBACCONISTS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI  
ALFRED DUNHILL LTD



VISITING LONDON MEANS

VISITING DUNHILLS



*A gracious welcome to your guests*

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-



By Appointment  
To Her Majesty  
Queen Elizabeth II  
Scotch Whisky  
Distillers  
Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd  
Leith



## A scotch of great worth

*Worth looking for—worth treasuring*



## DINING IN

# Experiments with veal



SUMMER should bring us better veal but, for many of us, the difficulty is that the British way of cutting veal does not, as a rule, provide thin escalopes. These come from the leg, and what with our cutting practice resulting in much smaller veal than that sold on the Continent, it seems useless to hope for what we cannot get.

I have been doing a little experimenting with finely minced raw veal and here is what I often now do: for four people, get a pound of veal cut from the leg. Pass it through the finest mincer—twice, if necessary. Add a beaten large egg or two smaller ones, two level tablespoons of flour and two to three tablespoons of milk. Add also a chopped small onion, first cooked in a walnut of butter to the translucent stage, and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste.

Slightly wet the surface of a Formica, Waverite or porcelain-topped table. Drop good dessertspoons of the meat mixture on to it, well apart, and, with a wet palette knife, flatten them out as thin as beaten-out escalopes.

Put a tablespoon of olive oil into a large frying-pan and get it really hot. Add a good ounce of butter and heat well together. Lift the "escalopes" into the pan and, if the hands are wet, they will not stick to them. These minced veal cakes are, of course, too moist to handle any other way. In a matter of three to four minutes the cakes are cooked on both sides. Incidentally, I often assemble the mixture early in the day and keep it in the refrigerator until required.

Place the "escalopes" on a heated platter. Melt another piece of butter in the pan and pour it, foaming, over the "escalopes." Or add thinly sliced unpeeled white-capped mushrooms to the pan, together with a couple of tablespoons of dry white wine and two to three tablespoons of double cream. "Bubble" these together to reduce a little, then pour the sauce over the cooked veal.

Not quite "escalopes of veal," one might say, but better than anything else one may manage in many parts of this country.

I AM often asked for a recipe for Pizza. There is a number of versions, but the Neapolitan one seems to be the favourite. For it, use  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. bread dough which, for non-bread-makers, a kindly baker will supply. Pat it out on a baking-sheet into a round about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Leaving a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. margin all round, cover it with 2 to 3 chopped skinned tomatoes, a good sprinkling of chopped marjoram or basil and garlic-flavoured salt (made by crushing a clove of garlic in a little salt). Sprinkle about half tablespoon olive oil on top, then, sparingly, Mozzarella, Fontana or even Gruyère cheese (the last being the easiest to obtain). Finish with a criss-cross pattern of anchovy fillets. Leave for a few minutes in a warmish place to rise, then bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 to 425 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6).

There is no need, however, to make Pizza at home, for here is some food news: A London firm, specializing in the specialities of Naples, now makes and quick freezes it. At 2s. 2d. a Pizza (enough for a light course for four), it can be bought in several stores, including Harrods and Selfridges.

—Helen Burke



You're  
in the  
fashion

when you stay at the  
**METROPOLE**  
BRIGHTON

There are so many things to enjoy in Brighton—the glamour and excitement, the sunshine and sea air. Above all, there's the *Metropole*. For a really wonderful holiday or long week-end, this famous hotel is quite beyond compare, with its first-class food and service and its splendid new *Monaco Bar and Lounge*—the finest on the South Coast.

Information and Reservations from the Resident Manager: Brighton 24041, or to Etienne R. Cottet Director and General Manager, Gordon Hotels Limited, 11 Hobart Place, London S.W.1. Tel: SLOane 5222.

The cream of  
the 'creams'

**CHORLTON**

Frontera Cream

**Sherry**

PRODUCE OF SPAIN

For many years, only the privileged few have enjoyed the rare quality of this exquisite wine. It is now available to all who appreciate a really fine Sherry.

26/6 per bottle.



SHIPPED AND BOTTLED BY

**CHORLTON'S** WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS  
78 MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER 2 TELEPHONE CENTRAL 5980

Order through your Club, Wine Merchant  
or Direct—C.O.D. from the Shippers.

LUNCH AND DIN



at the

**Colony**  
RESTAURANT

London's distinguished Rendezvous in  
BERKELEY SQUARE

LUNCH : DINNER : SUPPER  
DANCING 8.30 p.m. TO 2 a.m.  
FELIX KING and his MUSIC.  
DON CARLOS and his  
LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHM

★

CABARET

RON MOODY until May 18th

★

Under the direction of J. Della

For table reservations  
please telephone  
MAYFAIR 1657



## Repeatedly— a favourite choice

Enjoy Scotch at its very best by always asking for "Black & White". Its fine flavour is achieved by blending in the special "Black & White" way. Consistent quality ensures the same satisfaction and refreshment time after time.



## 'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

By Appointment  
Scotch Whisky Distillers



to Her Majesty The Queen  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

*The Secret is in the Blending*

FOR SPEED AND COMFORT FLY

# EAGLE

DIRECT services from LONDON AIRPORT

**DINARD** from £12.10.0  
**LA BAULE** from £15. 0.0  
**INNSBRUCK** from £32. 0.0  
**LUXEMBOURG** from £14.10.0  
**PERPIGNAN** from £31.11.0  
**SARAGOSSA** £35.16.0

SWISS EAGLE

—new air-coach economy route to Basle

SPANISH EAGLE

—new air-coach economy route to the Costa Brava

BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR . . .

**EAGLE AIRWAYS OF BRITAIN**

Marble Arch House Air Terminal, 40 Edgware Road, London, W.2 (AMB 7799) and 76 Deansgate, Manchester, (Deansgate 7891)

New Routes from **MANCHESTER**

DIRECT SERVICE to

**HAMBURG**  
**COPENHAGEN**

Effective June 3rd

**HAMBURG** Return Fare £30.18.0  
**COPENHAGEN** Return Fare £39.12.0

Also **SWISS EAGLE**—new air-coach economy route to Basle (Commencing May 31st)



### Weekenders

Look — and feel — at ease in this week-end two-piece suit. Choice of Irish and Scottish Thornproofs, or West of England and Yorkshire Tweeds, in several shades. Tailored in our London workrooms. Ready-to-wear, £12 to £15. Made-to-measure from £13.

**HORNE**  
BROTHERS LIMITED

415/417 Oxford St., London, W.1  
Branches throughout London and Principal Cities.



## A GLORIOUS SUNSHINE CRUISE

to SANTANDER, NAPLES & BARCELONA

by the 23,000 ton Cruise ship

**"ALCANTARA"**

sailing from Southampton August 3

A wide choice of accommodation is available on this 15 days' cruise, the prices ranging from £83 for berths to £188 for single bedded cabins with private baths.

There are other Sunshine Cruises by "Andes" and "Alcantara" during June/September, but accommodation still available is very limited.

Excellent Cuisine enjoyed at leisure—spacious Dining Saloons accommodate all passengers at one time.

Details from your Local Travel Agent or  
Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. MAN 0522  
America House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. WHI 9646

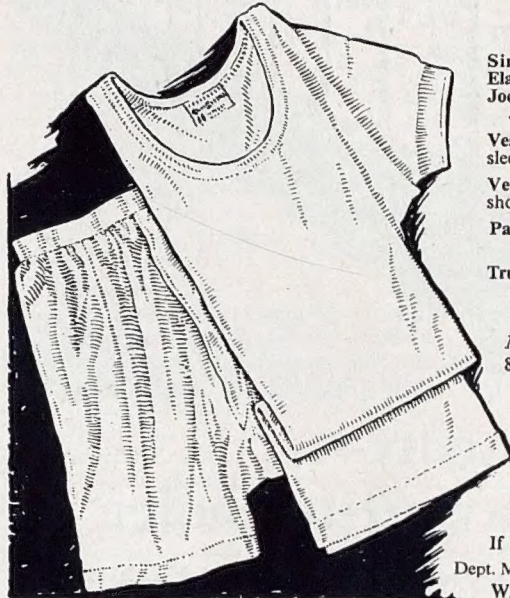
**ROYAL MAIL LINES**

*for Cruising at its best*

*For all day Freshness*  
**THE NEW ABSORBENT  
COTTON UNDERWEAR**

INSIST  
ON

**Two Steeples**  
*The Name for Quality* REGD.



Singlets,  
Elastic waist Trunks and  
Jockey Trunks ...  
... from 6/11d.

Vests—Round neck, short  
sleeves ... from 8/6d.

Vests—Buttoned front,  
short sleeves from 9/9d.

Pants—Buttoned front  
from 12/3d.

Trunks—Buttoned front  
from 9/6d.

Makers of the famous  
83 Socks with red tops  
since 1895



If unobtainable, write  
Dept. M.39, Two Steeples Ltd  
Wigston, Leicestershire.



## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

*Still dependent on  
Voluntary Gifts and Legacies.*

When you give to Barnardo's you give more than money—you give a needy child a chance in life. More than 7,500 girls and boys are now supported by these Homes. Please help by Gift or Legacy to 330 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

*10s. will buy one  
child's food for four days in  
Dr. Barnardo's Homes.*

# Red Hackle

*Scotland's  
Best Whisky*



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
SUPPLIERS OF RED HACKLE SCOTCH WHISKY  
HEPBURN & ROSS LTD GLASGOW

PROPRIETORS

*Hepburn & Ross* LTD

GLASGOW



## KYNOCH

of KEITH SCOTLAND



## TWEEDS SCARVES

28 OLD BURLINGTON STREET, W.1

*For  
friends  
at home  
and  
overseas . . .*

. . . a subscription to  
THE TATLER makes  
a splendid, long-lasting  
gift—and it's so  
easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £6.1.0  
Overseas: £5.18.6  
Canada: £5.14.0

Your newsagent will  
arrange a subscription,  
or write to: The Pub-  
lisher, Ingram House,  
Strand, London, W.C.2



## The Noël Coward Song Book

The words and music of over  
fifty of his most popular  
songs with characteristically  
witty comments on each by  
Noël Coward himself. With  
more than a hundred illus-  
trations.

*From any bookshop 35/-*

MICHAEL  JOSEPH





Photographed in the Place Du Tertre, Paris, by Kublin.

## Un beau modèle!

What Jacques Heim says in line and colour the Hillman Minx says in line and colour. Speed-swept line—exciting colour. The fashionable woman understands the language of this elegant car. The Hillman Minx speaks so well of her!

Today the Minx is top fashion around the world—and not only because of its appearance. Exhilarating performance delivered with outstanding economy enhances its appeal.

Dress by HEIM  
sekens fabric



A PRODUCT OF

# ROOTES MOTORS

LIMITED

Fashionable, economical

# Hillman Minx

DE LUXE SALOON £529 plus £265.17.0 p.t.  
White-wall tyres, over-riders and chromium  
rimfinishers available as extras.





In the blade root mountings of Rotol variable pitch propellers—such as those on the Vickers Viscount and many other famous aircraft; on the rotor shafts of helicopters—carrying the whole weight of the machine—and in other vital situations, there you will find Timken tapered-roller bearings. They are made in an extensive range of sizes, including light-weight thrust bearings—single and double. Furthermore, the bearings in the range originally evolved for road vehicles in themselves have a very high load-to-bearing weight ratio, which makes them ideal for many aircraft applications.

# TIMKEN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK: TIMKEN

## TAPERED-ROLLER BEARINGS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY BRITISH TIMKEN LTD.,

DUSTON, NORTHAMPTON (HEAD OFFICE); DAVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES: FISCHER BEARINGS COMPANY LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON; TIMKEN-FISCHER STOCKISTS, LTD., BIRMINGHAM